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, NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
–SEE PAGES 1113-5-6

NATIONAL REVIEW

The New York Election and

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Eugene V. Rostow on the Dangerous Illusions of Messrs. Brewster and Lee. ♦ PAGE 1115: M-Day on Boston Common by David Brudnoy. ♦ PAGE 1116: Ditto in Washington, D. C. by Anthony Dolan

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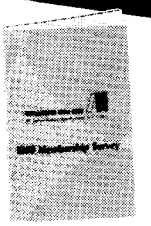

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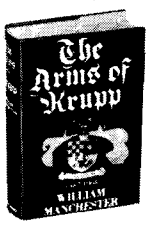

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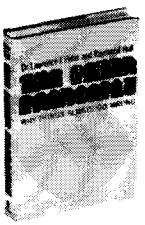

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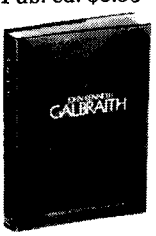

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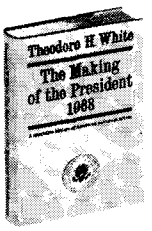

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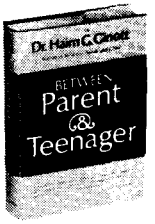

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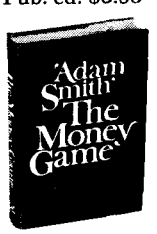

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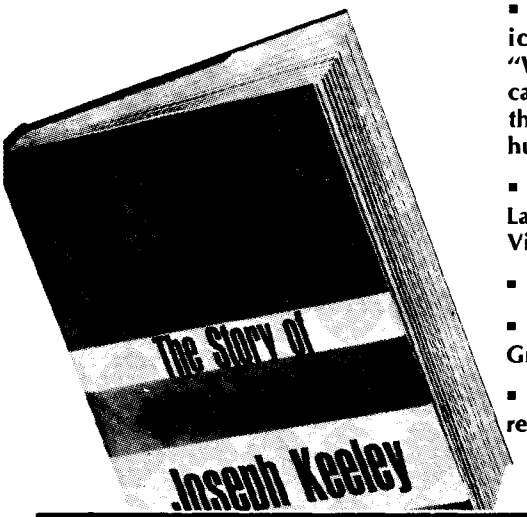

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Peace-Left groups trying to patch over their differences on what comes next **Moratorium**-wise—but without much success. **Sam Brown**, national Moratorium head, and his associates afraid that as **John Gage** (Cambridge) puts it: "The Washington March [scheduled for Nov. 13, 14, 15] may attract the Chicago crazies." . . . Vietnam Moratorium people want to organize on local community level and not join the **New "Mobe"** (Mobilization Against the War in Vietnam) group which caters to more extremist elements. Says one Moratorium officer in New York: "We'll give them Mobe's number and tell them when the buses leave." Period. Says another at New Haven GHQ: "The marchers may lose us the middle class." . . . Everyone, but everyone on the Left is down on **SDS-Weatherman** as result of latest caper in Chicago. Where, asks a *Daily World* editorial (Oct. 21), was SDS "at the very moment of the greatest mass turnout in the history of the American people for peace and against imperialism?" Answer: "Looking on from the sidelines." . . . *Guardian* columnist **Stanley Aronowitz** held a wake (Oct. 18): "SDS is dead. Long live the student movement!" . . . Fellow *Guardian* columnist **Phil Hutchins** thinks the whole Left is moribund, not only SDS. **SNCC**, he says, has done nothing, but nothing since the glorious days of Stokely and Rap (makes one nostalgic doesn't it: Burn, Baby, Burn! Kill Honkey! Kill!). The **Panthers** are on the defensive, "almost literally wiped out." "Chicano" **Reies Tijerina** was sent to jail a week ago—and Mobe? Well, says Hutchins, "Mobe seems to be doing the same old thing all over again."

■ For the record: only two Republican senators to sign congressional letter endorsing Vietnam Moratorium were **Mark Hatfield** (Ore.) and **Charles Goodell** (N.Y.). . . . Senators **Richard Schweiker** (Pa.) and **Charles Percy** (Ill.) did their best to get the President to talk the situation over with Moratorium leaders but, when it came to the clutch, they didn't sign.

■ Getting the troops back into line. 1) *L'Humanité*, the French Communist paper, carried only news agency accounts of the ouster of **Alexander Dubcek** in Prague; did not even report the final resolution of the plenum of the Czech Communist Party which ousted Dubcek. **French CP**—which was bitterly critical of Moscow a year ago over the invasion—now acquiescing in present crackdown in Czechoslovakia,

which may cost it its latest chance to united-front it with French Left. 2) **Ernest Fischer**, famous Austrian writer very critical of Moscow a year ago, has just been expelled from the Party as also 3) U.S. Communist **Dorothy Healey**, another critic of the invasion. 4) *Daily World* played it deadpan in reporting the Czech government shakeup. Its news report: "Prague—Alexander Dubcek, former first secretary of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, resigned his seat in the federal parliament." End of item. End of discussion.

■ So sorry to hear it: any number of politically ambitious New York Democrats—**Ted Sorensen**, **Arthur Goldberg**, **Paul O'Dwyer** among them—**Eugene McCarthy**'s statement that he would continue to be active in politics at least through 1972, but no that he wouldn't run again in Minnesota next year, and, yes, that there was some interest (which he shared) in his running in New York. . . . Illinois Republican conservatives busy shopping around for a candidate more to their liking than newly appointed Sen. **Ralph T. Smith**, named to replace **Everett Dirksen**. Smith's first moves have been, well, Goodellish. The man they're looking for isn't **William H. Rentschler**, they say. Rentschler, who says he'll challenge Smith next year, ran and lost in 1960 Republican primary, against Ev. . . . Capitol Hill insiders trying to gauge very close vote-to-be on Judge **Haynsworth** think a massive influx of pro-Haynsworth mail could do the trick. . . . Given a good chance of winning Nov. 25 special by-election in Illinois' 13th C.D., **Philip Crane**, **Nixon** staffer, **Goldwater** supporter, conservative good guy. He'll be running for seat of **Donald Rumsfeld**, who resigned to take over OEO, poor fellow.

■ That **Brooklyn Bridge** man is back. He turned up in Kinshasa last week (just a couple of days ahead of the Apollo 11 three) with a map of the moon and sold large numbers of lunar building sites in the towns of "Kennedy," "Armstrong" and "Canaveral" to gullible Congolese, then blasted off safely ahead of both astronauts and police.

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1969.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: $17.00 a year ($10.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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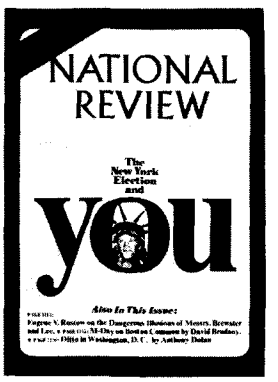
IN THIS ISSUE

■ New York City's upcoming mayoral election, says **John Coyne**, is a testing ground for those ideas and movements in search of an ideology which have been slouching across the political landscape for the past decade. And also, of course, there's the political future of pretty John Lindsay. . . . Good things as well as bad grew out of the October 15 Moratorium. Among the good, three *NR* articles, the first by **Eugene V. Rostow**, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs during the Johnson Administration, now back at Yale Law School. Professor Rostow takes on two proposals for peace in Vietnam put forth by President Kingman Brewster of Yale and Mayor Richard Lee of New Haven, both M-Day supporters and both just as well qualified to speak on foreign policy as John Lindsay or Peggy Lee. Unilateral withdrawal? Horsefeathers, says Professor Rostow. . . . Then reports from **Anthony R. Dolan** and **David Brudnoy**, long-time New Left watchers. Dolan travels to Washington, sits in at the M-Day center of operations, rambles around by candlelight with Coretta King. Plenty of excessive emotionalism, but Tony also senses something else emerging, a strong feeling of patriotism among those who previously suffered such excesses silently. . . . And David Brudnoy spends M-Day in Boston, mingles with the birds and the beasts, and ends by agreeing with Dolan. Wretched excess, yes. Situation hopeless, no.



■ **Nika Hazelton** suggests that we take a break from ulcer-inducing considerations of war and peace and politics and accompany her to two restaurants which tower above the ruck of Manhattan's tonier joints. Guaranteed to make you hungry. . . . But **Frank Meyer** disturbs the digestive process by carrying us back to M-Day, an event which in method and goals is the exact antithesis of American constitutional government.

■ Three professors, tried and true *NR*ers all, pass in review this week. **Jeffrey Hart** of Dartmouth reads the splendid new biography of Hart Crane, a man whose art transformed a sordid life into something of which Americans can be very proud. . . . **Gerhart Niemeyer** of Notre Dame analyzes the latest study of Soviet totalitarianism by Bertram Wolfe. . . . And **Guy Davenport** of the University of Kentucky comes away from two collections of short stories, one by Nasty Leslie Fiedler, with a bad case of the blinks complicated by heartburn. The cure arrives in the form of an excellent novel, however. . . . **Christopher Nichols** leafs through a pretentious collection of little pieces culled from *New York* Magazine. . . . And **Farley Clinton** gags over the latest Pope-opera.

What in the world is going on in the Catholic Church?

BUCKLEY vs. CLANCY

William F. Buckley Jr., editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, sees the Church as an institution beset by grave problems.

Father William Clancy, formerly associate editor of *Commonweal* and currently director of Pittsburgh's campus apostolate, views it as a community whose present tensions hold great promise.

These articulate spokesmen will confront each other on the topic: "Ferment in the Church—Problem or Promise?" The debate will be held at 8 P.M. Thursday, November 13, at Cathedral High School auditorium, Lexington Avenue at 50th Street, Manhattan. Moderator: Father Richard Armstrong.

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LETTERS

'Tain't Funny, McGee!

The author of "The Population Firecracker" [*NR*, Oct. 7] attempts to minimize the problem by stating the rate of last year's population growth was only 1 per cent. May I suggest that he fill a glass of water to three-fourths of capacity, add to the contents at the rate of 1 per cent per minute, and then report to us the number of minutes required for the glass to overflow. He might also advise us how to wipe up the excess babies. Prior to the experiment, I suggest that he restudy the law of diminishing returns.

It may very well be that in the U.S. we live on 1 per cent of the land but this results from vertical rather than horizontal building. Vertical expansion is one factor in the production of traffic-snarled, smog-covered cities. I do hope, however, that we continue to live on only 1 per cent of the land. Who wants to live on the side of a mountain, in a swamp, on a desert, or in the middle of a cornfield?

Apparently the author prefers to close the barn door after the horse is gone rather than take preventive measures. The article would be funny were it not for the serious consequences future generations will face should we procrastinate.

Forestville, Md. GERALD MARTIN

Did Meyer Take Liberties?

I believe that Frank Meyer is missing the point ["Libertarianism or Libertinism," Sept. 9] when he rails at libertarians who see a good deal of sense in some of the attitudes and even some of the actions of the New Left (the more extreme position of libertarians such as Murray Rothbard and Karl Hess, though arguable, is not one I want to discuss here). Instead of moving around platitudes such as that civilization is a fragile reed etc., conservatives like Meyer, who claim to be friends of freedom, ought to look realistically at just what is the case in the United States. To take only three issues which should give anyone who really cares for other people's freedom pause to think: First, thousands of young men are being pressed into the armed services, many of them to become crippled or to die in an undeclared war that has no real, but only a fantasy connection with the preservation of American security. Many of those who have refused, have been literally dragged to prison from churches and schools where they had taken refuge. Many billions of dollars of taxpayers' money have also been squandered in this mess. Second, in many areas of America, the police have the de facto authority to harass, manhandle or take to the

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stationhouse and work over virtually anyone who displeases them. What happened to highly visible people, like NBC reporters and Hugh Hefner, in Chicago in August 1968, happens to other invisible people every day. Finally, hundreds of persons are in jail and tens of thousands must fear arrest and imprisonment merely because they enjoy smoking pot. More, the Federal Government has now undertaken a great crusade against this drug, not because suppression of marijuana would, by some wild rationalization, somehow tend to maximize freedom, but explicitly in defense of certain preferred values and personality patterns, which pot allegedly threatens.

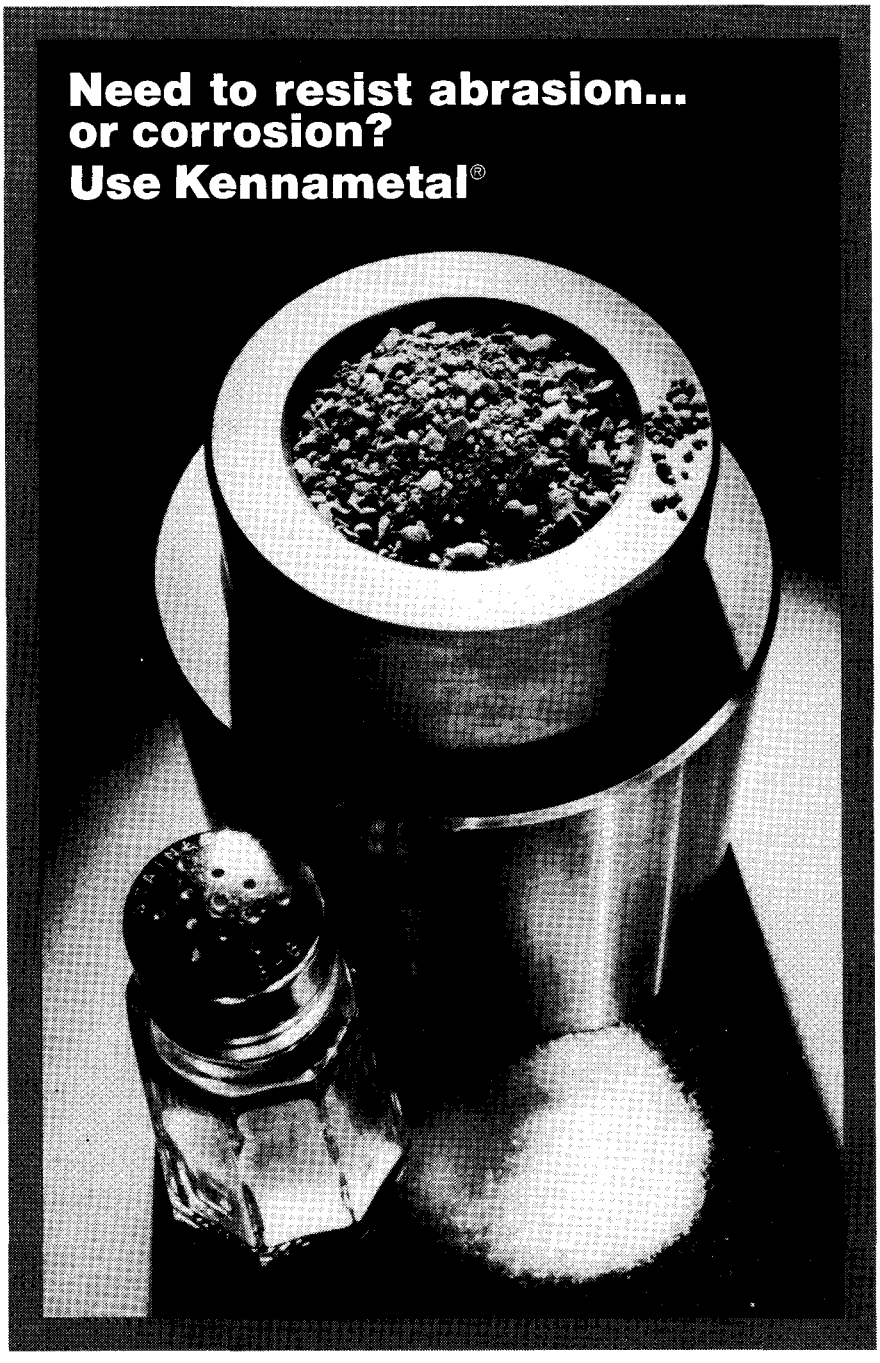
What happens with many conservatives at this point, I suspect, is that they blank out these facts by directing their attention to the Maoism of the SDS, the nihilism of the hippies, the less than simon-pure motivation of many of the intellectuals who support them, etc. But to the libertarian, all this is beside the point, or at least is another question. The rights of thousands of people are daily being trampled on in America, and this trampling has been systematized (that is, there is "a System"). The whole issue of "civilization" is a red herring, for if libertarianism means anything, it is that social life is most suitably prompted by leaving people alone. Sometimes when conservatives use the idea of "civilization" to screen blatant infringements on personal rights, I am reminded of the French fascists who argue that, after all, for the peripheral nastiness involved, Hitler *was* fighting to defend European civilization in Russia. If the comparison seems far-fetched, think about it.

Buffalo, N.Y. RALPH RAICO

Freud on Homosexuality

I don't mind Will Herberg quoting Freud ["The Case for Heterosexuality," *NR*, Oct. 7], but I wish Mr. Herberg knew what he was talking about. True, Freud used the term "perverse" to describe incest, nongenital sex, homosexuality, etc. He wasn't making any moral judgment, however; he was merely being descriptive. In our society, said Freud, such practices are termed "perverse." *Society*, not Freud, has bestowed the predicate "perverse" upon them. The truth of what I have just said is obvious to anyone who knows Freud's theory at all. Even so, I offer the following quotation from a letter written by Freud to a "despairing mother":

> I gather from your letter that your son is a homosexual. I am not impressed by the fact that you do not mention this term yourself in your information about him. May I question you, why you avoid it? Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness: we consider it to be a variation of the sexual function produced by a certain arrest of sexual development. Many



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highly respectable individuals of ancient and modern times have been homosexuals, several of the greatest among them (Plato, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, etc.). It is a great injustice to persecute homosexuality as a crime, and cruelty too. (Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, page 490).

Freud wrote, "Everything that occurs before this conversion takes place, or refuses to conform to it and pursues the pursuit of gratification alone, is called by the unhonored title of 'perversion,' and as such is despised." Mr. Herberg adds that this "certainly brands homosexuality with the 'unhonored title of "perversion"' and 'as such is [to be] despised.'" The "to be" is Herberg's, not Freud's.

New Haven, Conn. MARK HERSHENSON

Mr. Herberg Replies

I was well aware of Freud's letter to a "despairing mother." But I was also aware, as apparently Mr. Hershenson is not, that Freud was not always consistent. It is one thing to write a letter to a "despairing mother"—especially if one believes, as it appears Freud did, that homosexuality was incurable; it is quite another thing to lay down fundamentals in *Introductory Lectures.*

That, in the quotation I gave, Freud meant *exactly* what I said he meant is obvious from the quotation itself. I give part of it (the full quotation is in my original article):

> It is a characteristic common to all perversions that, in them, reproduction as an aim is put aside. . . . Everything that . . . refused to conform to it [subordination to the purposes of reproduction] and pursues the pursuit of gratification alone is called by the unhonored title of "perversion" and as such is despised.

It is Freud, not I (though I agree), who is saying this, who is branding homosexuality (because it is not "subordinated to the purposes of reproduction") a "perversion" and "as such despised." And he is speaking *biologically*, with no noticeable reference to society, despite Mr. Hershenson. I inserted the words "to be" in brackets in *my* explication of Freud's words, because I think it helps, but is not in the text itself.

Anyone who knows anything at all about Freud's teaching on the stages of development of human sexuality knows that Freud regards the integration of the "polymorphously perverse" tendencies in the infant into genital sexuality "subordinated to the purposes of reproduction," as *normality*, as *biological* (not simply social) normality, and any major deviation (as, of course, homosexuality is) is *perversion*, *biological* perversion. On this, it would seem, there cannot be much doubt. Of course, Freud opposed treating homosexuality as a crime; and so did I.

Madison, N.J. WILL HERBERG

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(please read on)...

...the reason is, this may be a sad Christmas here at *National Review*. We may soon be forced to raise our subscription rates, not because everybody else is doing it (they are), but because our costs climb steadily upward while our income doesn't. For ordinary magazines, that spells "Price Increase" plain and simple. For us, it isn't so easy — we want to reach *new* readers, and every increase forced upon us cuts down (naturally) our ability to do that — especially our ability to reach young readers.

Now of course a simple solution is for each of you to put *National Review* at the top of your Christmas gift list this year: a hundred thousand or so new subscriptions would make it possible for us to hold the price line for quite a while. Alas, that is unlikely to happen, hope as we may (or will our readers *surprise* us this year?). But may we suggest the following?

Do give *National Review* to as many friends as possible this year. By all means, include any young people on your Christmas list (many high school students read and enjoy NR — not to mention college students). Give NR early and often, starting now. Gift subscriptions really are inexpensive, easy-to-give, thoughtful gifts. We think you will be doing the recipients a big favor, and we *know* you're doing us one! So won't you please shop early — just this once — and use the card facing this page to give as many gifts as you can? We will begin all subscriptions in mid-December, and announce your gift via a handsome gift card.

The rates on the card facing this page are as low as we can make them; also, it is unlikely that we will ever again be able to offer such gift rates,

so act now.

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THE WEEK

■ The names of both the head and the deputy head of the Soviet space program are, it seems, state secrets. Comrades von X and von Y?

■ Lord, it was too *much*! There they were in the Hilton, gorging themselves and then handing out this year's "Family of Man" awards—to Bayard Rustin, that was okay; to Averell Harriman, for service to "peace and brotherhood" can you imagine; to *Hayakawa*; to N-n-n-*ixon*, for "massive and untiring efforts for world peace" ain't I sick enough? Because they couldn't count on lightning to strike the Hilton (God is dead), a bunch of seminarians from Union Theological staged a "counter-banquet" across the street at which counter-awards were given to Father James Groppi, James "Reparations" Forman and Pete Seeger. Everybody came—black militants, Moratorium types, Crazies, SDS-Weathermen—which was appropriate because God, who is dead, loves everybody, except Hayakawa and Nixon and such, who as everybody knows were kicked out of the family of man some time ago.

■ The first figures of the *New York Daily News* poll (which has a history of accuracy) show that Lindsay is way ahead with 44 per cent, Procaccino second with 33 per cent, and Marchi running (as they say) a poor third with 20 per cent. The analysis by John Coyne in this issue nevertheless holds up. What brought on the figures was 1) the spectacular ineptitude of Mario Procaccino as a candidate; 2) the anti-Vietnam fever with which Lindsay squarely identified himself; and 3) (believe it or not) the victory of the Mets. No, Lindsay was not the winning pitcher. But the Mets' victory left New York feeling glad all over, so glad that almost half of New York was willing to forgive its mayor. Temporarily? We'll see. Marchi followers will watch the poll carefully for a week or so. Then they will begin to drift away—mostly to Procaccino. In sufficient numbers? Answer in the next issue.

■ Roy Innis, the head of CORE, began by saying that "the black people" (read: Roy Innis and friends) will not back any one of the three mayoral candidates in New York City because none of them is endorsing programs relevant (!) to the black people. Then he announced that he and his friends would receive the three candidates in open hearing, to "prove" that none of them has a program relevant to the black people. Mr. John Marchi (at this writing) is the only candidate to accept the invitation. He would be entitled to ask what has CORE lately done that is relevant to the best interests of the black people.

■ Note on the progress of higher education as observed by a Princeton graduate who re-visited the campus a couple of weeks ago: "We dropped by the Firestone Library to see D--- and for the first time I noticed that the cases in the exhibit room were empty—a surprising event with the college opening. Usually there is an exhibit of fine books, first editions or historical items, on display and invariably such an exhibit is opened for the start of a new term and a new entering class. D--- was away at a meeting in Europe but I learned from an attendant that it was decided to skip the opening exhibit because of possible danger of pilferage. Firestone Library is short of guards and valuable first editions cannot easily be replaced. As a patron of Firestone—and I donated about 1,500 volumes on Africa about ten years ago—I feel pretty sick about it. D--- wrote that he had locked up my old Sir Richard F. Burton books some time ago as too valuable to be on the shelves."

■ Fifty of Berkeley's top professors have spoken out against university participation in the Moratorium. Despite a difference of opinion on the war, the professors said that "as scholars and teachers we cannot affirm this tendency to transform a university into a political weapon, and to create turmoil in which essential conditions of free inquiry and learning are gravely eroded."

■ The wise removal of Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey from the directorship of the Selective Service would have made happier news at the beginning of the President's term of office, at any similar time when government workers are customarily shifted about, or, failing these most opportune moments, on some otherwise ordinary morning. To read of it just days before the October Moratorium was to see the man as an easy lamb thrown to the wolves. Fifty-nine years of faithful service to America's armed forces and General Hershey goes out as an hors d'oeuvre for Sam Brown and the Moratorium types. The President and the nation owed him a more dignified retirement.

The Mighty Middle

On breezeways, porches, lawns and stoops
They contemplate the funny groups.
They watch the wild "Chicago Eight";
They follow Father Groppi's fate.
From 9:00 to 5:00 for half a life
They serve the boss and soothe the wife.
They file in April every year;
They try to push the kid's career.
At 65, they hope to be
Allotted some prosperity,
And brother, what a stink they'll make
If they don't get a fairer shake.

W. H. VON DREELE

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■ This, from the *Economist*, before the Soyuz spacecraft made their most unspectacular return to earth: "The reputation of Soviet technology hangs on the outcome. After the build-up the Russians themselves have given to the space shots, and after the muddle and confusion of Luna 15's abortive attempt to muscle in on the Americans' landing on the moon, another public humiliation on this scale would leave it uncomfortably close to tatters. And it is pride in their technology that has been one of the main reasons why the Russians, with their farming failures, their industrial inefficiencies and their generally lower standard of living, have still felt they could look the West in the eye. There have been suspicions that there were gaps and weaknesses in that technology. If these have fouled up these last and most ambitious space shots, then there is the possibility that a good deal of other elaborate Soviet equipment may not work as well as everyone has been supposed to think either, including some of the more elaborate defense installations with their antiballistic missiles and all. That sort of credibility is extremely important. There is much more at stake than merely the Russian reputation in space."

■ The C-5A is the Air Force's controversial new cargo transport, which, it develops, will cost at least twice the original estimate. Alan Cranston is California's other senator, an indefatigable moralist, a critic of military spending, a re-orderer of priorities, a scourge of the military-industrial complex. The C-5A is built by Lockheed, of Burbank, California. Why did Cranston vote *for* the C-5A? Because, as he explained, a fleet of these transports might make possible the evacuation of American troops from Europe.

■ Seventy-four American sailors died when the U.S. destroyer *Frank E. Evans* made a wrong turn and collided with the Australian carrier *Melbourne* recently. The accident was entirely our fault, the incident a classic case of how to strain relations between two allies. But the sixteen thousand men of the Royal Australian Navy felt otherwise. Last week the news leaked out that they had quietly taken up a collection to educate the children of the lost men of the *Evans*. Result: $32,000.

■ This time "Operation Intercept" has gone too far: now the authorities have shut down all the bordellos of Tijuana, depriving most of the young men of the West of their birthright, ruining Mexico's economy, and leaving us all with the hopeless feeling that nothing is sacred.

■ Paul Newman, the movie actor, informed David Frost and through him all the world that he is fed up with the United States, that he may abandon the United States, because "there is a certain kind of insanity prevailing there." On the other hand, he has taken into consideration two alternatives. One of them is to run for senator ("I have been approached by two states to run"), a second to run for President (he did not say whether he had been approached by the nation to run). Mr. Newman went on to cite the power of the big American steel companies and to deplore the widespread pollution of rivers. He did not cite, let alone deplore, the pollution of the public morality by some of his best friends who, come to think of it, are also spending most of their time abroad; which, come to think of it, is the most they are likely to contribute to de-polluting America.

"Faster! . . . Faster!"

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■ The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW are delighted to join in the felicitations as the nation's oldest student conservative journal, the University of Wisconsin's *Insight and Outlook*, celebrates its tenth anniversary. Founded in 1959 on one of the nation's most liberal and unruly campuses, *I&O*, as it is inevitably known, is antedated on the student Right by only three other groups—the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, now called the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, Yale's Party of the Right, and *I&O*'s parent, the Wisconsin Conservative Club. Like most enterprises of its kind, *I&O* survived on bare minimum manpower and maximum dedication, with the help of a few equally dedicated, patriotic advertisers. But it did more than survive: it reactivated discussion and debate on the Wisconsin campus, served as the inspiration for a host of other student journals, and sent its alumni on to further service: two (Associate Timothy Wheeler, Contributor Jared Lobdell) have joined NATIONAL REVIEW, while others (Robert Schuchman, Richard Wheeler, Alan McCone) have contributed articles; one is a member of Congress (William Steiger); two hold office in YAF, Richard Wright, the present editor of *I&O*, and David Keene, National Chairman of YAF. *I&O* tells its own story in its Tenth Anniversary issue, available from 1315 E. Randolph Court, Milwaukee, Wis. 53212, contributions welcome. Read it, shed ten years, and be glad for the likes of Al McCone, Dick Wheeler, Roger Claus, Gale Pfund, Millard Johnson, Tim Wheeler, Bill Dennis, Dale Sievert, Jared Lobdell, Ted Cormaney, Jim Mack, Bill Steiger, Dick Wright, Dave Keene and all who have had a hand in the conservative success story called *Insight and Outlook*.

■ No society has even become civilized without maximum use of low-cal government substitutes.

Vietnam: The Political Crunch

Articles in this issue cover the October 15 Happening in its phenomenology (Brudnoy and Dolan), intellectual incoherence (Rostow), and significance for the American system of constitutional government (Meyer). What remains is to put the event in political perspective, and then raise the question of where we go from here.

The sentimental claptrap poured out by the mass media in the wake of the Moratorium has tended to obscure the fact that some of the demonstrators were fools, opportunists and America-lasters: bamboozled housewives, hare-brained clergymen, Lindsays and Goodells, and a hard nucleus of just plain anti-Americans. All these one might have anticipated. The important political fact, however, is that the Moratorium succeeded in adding to this claque a substantial number of ordinary people, as well as—setting aside such baroque figures as Javits and McCarthy—a number of customarily respectable congressmen and state office-holders. These would not have climbed aboard in the absence of widespread frustration over the war. To all this must be added the well-known fact that the war is desperately unpopular on the campus: among, that is, those who are being asked to do much of the fighting. It would be impossible today, for example, to get anything like a majority in support of the war on a single Ivy League campus.

To a considerable extent it is possible to understand, though not condone, the feelings of students and non-Leftists who have turned against the war. Whatever else the historians will eventually say, one of their judgments is utterly predictable: the Vietnamese war has been botched, both tactically and strategically. It involved failures of mind before it produced a lesion of will.

President Johnson, as he will admit in his forthcoming memoirs, blundered by delaying the serious U.S. effort until after the 1964 election, by which time most of South Vietnam had been overrun. Johnson's ignoble motive was his desire to project himself as the "peace" candidate in the contest with Goldwater. Johnson's second and almost incredible blunder was his effort to fight this war without patriotism, and with a schizophrenic anti-Communism; he made no clear appeal to our own national interest. He chose this course, it goes without saying, since all three elements—patriotism, anti-Communism and pursuit of the national interest—are unwelcome in the liberal syndrome. He actually seems to have believed, furthermore, that he could fight such a war with a conscript army. As Jacques Maritain once remarked, a fish rots first in the head.

Both Johnson and, regrettably, Nixon have defined our Vietnamese aim in terms of abstract liberal ideology: we are fighting so that the South Vietnamese can have free elections. No doubt they reasoned that elections would produce a Communist defeat, and further our cause: but the cause itself has not received clear statement. And so it is difficult to get very angry with a college senior who is reluctant to risk his life for free elections in a remote Asian country whose peasantry he correctly understands to constitute not so much a nation as a congeries of assorted and often mutually hostile religious and ethnic groups. In the absence of any convincing attempt to spell out our strategic stake, the malaise spreads.

Furthermore, as Sir Robert Thompson convincingly argues in *No Exit from Vietnam*, our military tactics have been singularly flat-headed. A counterinsurgency must be, centrally, a police effort. Instead, with both our own and the ARVN forces, we have behaved as if we were fighting something like the Wehrmacht, building up huge,

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unwieldly, and mostly useless conventional units. Instead of concentrating on rooting out the Communist infrastructure—no impossible task, given suitable techniques —we have pursued costly, and often counterproductive, search-and-destroy operations. In the aspect of the struggle that involves North Vietnam, we have been equally inept. Our bombing of the North was of a relatively token nature: we neglected Machiavelli's indispensable maxim—"Never do an enemy a *small* injury." And to this ineptitude can be added the fact that we have handed the initiative to the North Vietnamese by permitting them to attack when it suits them from sanctuaries in Cambodia and across the DMZ.

AFTER piling blunder upon blunder, it is suitable that Lyndon Johnson concluded his term of office with one of the most egregious blunders of all. Without reciprocity from the Communists, unilaterally, he stopped the bombing. Johnson's decision is now a given in the situation, making it all but impossible for Nixon to re-escalate, since he lacks the credit for stopping the bombing in the first place. Had Johnson allowed Nixon to stop the bombing, the threat of re-escalation would be a credible element in the current equation.

It is true, to be sure, that abstracted from its concrete political circumstance this war presents no great military problem. North Vietnam could be knocked out of the war quickly by:

1. Bombing the Red River dams, bombing the power grid, and, if necessary, obliterating its cities and towns. If it be argued that only military targets are legitimate objects for bombing, the obvious answer is that as far as countries on the Asian mainland are concerned, the main—and sometimes the sole—military resource is population.
2. Closing Haiphong by any of several methods.
3. Biting off a chunk of North Vietnam by an invasion across the DMZ, or, more elegantly, by a large and menacing amphibious assault.

Tactic 3 would provide ample incentive for productive negotiations. If these did not come to pass, tactic 1 would in due course render negotiations superfluous. Meanwhile in the South the counterinsurgency could go forward as a police effort, unspectacularly and at small cost. Unfortunately, it now appears to be far too late to adopt this straightforward and sensible course. The blunders of his illustrious predecessor, the cynicism and war-weariness of a large number of Americans, limit Mr. Nixon's options. What options, then, does he have?

The answer to this question depends upon an objective assessment of the military and political realities in Vietnam; and the difficulty persists that among informed and serious observers of the situation assessments differ radically, covering the entire spectrum from gloom to optimism.

To expert A, the situation is irretrievable. American firepower can prevent a Communist victory indefinitely, but when that firepower is withdrawn, the South Vietnamese will be overwhelmed in short order. For him, a radical change in tactics would produce a much more favorable situation within a year; but he considers it politically impossible to continue serious fighting for that length of time.

Expert B, on the other hand, just as well informed, regards the war as virtually won. The Saigon government looks to him relatively stable. Defections from the Vietcong are at an all-time high; the capabilities of the ARVN are rapidly improving; and the North Vietnamese, having absorbed huge losses, are unlikely to be able to muster enough strength to overrun the South.

Experts C and D consider the situation mixed, but regard the communization of the South as a prospect so grim in terms of its strategic implications that every effort must be made to forestall it. For them, there is, as Sir Robert Thompson's title suggests, "no exit" from Vietnam. (And President Nixon is reported to have recently read Thompson with great interest.) They recommend a winding down of current offensive tactics, and a switch to a "low-cost, long-haul" strategy. The premise here is that such a strategy could be sold to the American electorate.

WHICH of these assessments is shared by Mr. Nixon we will not know until November 3, when he is scheduled to make a major address on Vietnam. At the present time he appears to be pursuing a reasonable course, though it is the weakness of his position that he only "appears" to be doing so and has not yet articulated his plans. And yet one infers: During the next year or eighteen months United States forces will be withdrawn in regular stages as South Vietnamese try to take their places. Tactics are being refined in the light of experience. The process of Vietnamization has a chance—no one can really tell how good a chance—of succeeding, provided American withdrawal is properly paced, and provided that U.S. support forces, logistical and aerial, remain for some time to come.

Time, then, is of the essence. President Nixon can gain time on November 3 if he presents to the American people a plausible plan to Vietnamize the war and prevent the disaster of a Communist takeover. Only if he now asserts his leadership, will the weak in heart, and the weak in mind, be frustrated in their impetuous efforts to bring about American defeat and international calamity.

Inflation Is Government-Made

President Nixon's radio talk on inflation had several outstanding merits. It blamed the inflation squarely on "the past policies of your government," and specifically on "the frequent failure to balance the federal budget over the past five years." It is true that budget deficits are only an indirect cause of inflation, the direct cause being the increase in the money and credit supply, but

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Mr. Nixon did cover this by referring to the recent Federal Reserve policy of "keeping money hard to borrow."

Another merit of the talk was its frank warning that stopping or slowing down the inflation cannot be painless, and may result in some temporary recession. A third merit was the pledge that the government would not resort to price and wage controls, or return to the Kennedy-Johnson "guidelines."

The President, in addition, reinforced his pledges by immediately announcing the appointment of Dr. Arthur F. Burns to succeed William McChesney Martin Jr. as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board when the latter's term expires next Jan. 31. Dr. Burns, though not a specialist in the monetary and banking field, is one of the nation's outstanding economists, dominantly conservative, and his appointment will be reassuring.

But all this, at the present juncture, is not enough. Mr. Nixon followed his radio talk by a letter to 2,200 business and labor leaders calling on them to show a "sense of responsibility" in their price and wage decisions. This was ill-advised in two respects. It ignored the fact that the sole responsibility for inflation is the government's, by its fiscal and monetary policies, and it opened the way to putting the blame again on private business. It also ignored the fact that nearly all business firms operate in a highly competitive market. An individual firm cannot charge more than the going market price for its product, because it would not sell it. If it has a "responsibility" to charge less than the market price, how does it determine how much less? It can hardly enter into an agreement with its competitors to hold prices down. If it reduces prices alone it can only reduce profits for its stockholders without changing the ultimate result.

It is likewise futile to ask union leaders to mitigate wage demands while still leaving them the monopoly bargaining powers that the Taft-Hartley Act and the NLRB put in their hands.

Finally, while Mr. Nixon has shown some courage in calling for reductions in several budget expenditures, he has not shown enough. He has himself proposed a new welfare program that even on his own estimate would cost $4 billion in the first year alone, and might cost much more. He has called for an increase of 10 per cent in Social Security benefits on April 1, and for automatic increases in such benefits thereafter to compensate for increases in the cost of living. (This, in addition to being incalculably expensive, would also tend to make the 27 million Social Security beneficiaries less interested in seeing inflation brought to a standstill.) Further, Mr. Nixon has plumped for more federal subsidies to the supersonic transport (SST) plane and other dubious expenditures.

It does not improve matters to have a Democratic Congress that seems determined to outbid him in expenditures while simultaneously voting to outbid him in tax reductions. Barring a constitutional amendment to give the President an item veto over expenditures, which nobody is even suggesting, it is hard to see where fiscal responsibility is going to come from.

In short, we may see a temporary lull in inflation, but there is no real end in sight.

Dr. Goldwater, Call Surgery

Although I live in New York State,
I'd cheerfully accept my fate
If Barry sawed the seaboard off
And watched us vanish in a trough.

W. H. von Dreele

Nixon Fights Back

The pious pretense is that he was involved in a few questionable financial dealings. The real reason for opposition to Clement Haynsworth is that he is a moderately conservative Southerner. But such things are not talked about in polite Washington society. Or were not talked about. And then, on October 20, Richard Nixon talked about them. Direct, hard talk, dead center on the issues, the kind of talk those of us who voted for him have been waiting to hear.

The President first took up the six charges made by Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, Haynsworth's chief antagonist. "I find that the Senator from Indiana who made the charge cited six cases, and these cases represent . . . the most glaring example of sloppy staff work that I have seen. . . . Two of the cases were mistakes . . . and of the others the question of a substantial interest has been, again, reduced to an absurdity." Nixon ticked them off, one by one, discrediting each, tossing them aside like little balls of bread.

Next came the additional twelve cases involved in the hearings, similarly lacking in substance. Then on to Bobby Baker. The Bobby Baker thing, said Nixon, "is guilt by association and character assassination of the very worst type." What the charge boils down to, of course, is that Bobby Baker and Clement Haynsworth exist at about the same moment in space and time on the same planet, and since Clement Haynsworth is a Southerner there must logically be wrongdoing. Funny, one wants to observe that the very real association between Baker and Johnson didn't cause anyone to demand that LBJ resign immediately.

Nixon then proceeded to explain exactly why he chose Haynsworth. Haynsworth's philosophy, he said, "leans to the conservative side . . . conservative in respect of his attitude toward the Constitution. It is the judge's responsibility, and the Supreme Court's responsibility, to interpret the Constitution . . . and not to go beyond that in putting his own socio-economic philosophy into decisions in a way that goes beyond . . . the Constitution."

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And then the heart of the matter. "It is not proper to turn down a man because he is a Southerner, because he is a Jew, because he is a Negro."

Having laid his opponents' arguments thoroughly to rest, Nixon turned his attention to the confirmation vote, which he believes will vindicate his choice. "The Senate is a body in which time and discussion work on the side of fairness and justice." The senators will find for Haynsworth when they "read the record, as I did, not just the editorials but the record, the evidence." Translation: just calm down, boys, and do your homework.

And finally, a parting shot to remind us that he's as good a politician as he is a lawyer. "We wondered why Senator Bayh wouldn't debate Senator Hollings. Senator Bayh is a very articulate man."

El Presidente is regaining his form.

Academic Freedom Again

The issues in the Angela Davis case are crystal clear. Acting on a previous resolution, California's Regents directed the UCLA administration to fire Angela Davis, a black twenty-five-year-old assistant professor of philosophy, because she is an admitted member of the Communist Party.

Procedurally, the case will be fought through the courts, perhaps ending at the Supreme Court; but the legal and the intellectual issues are in important ways distinct. Miss Davis' supporters, and as a matter of course they include most of the faculty and student body, defend her presence in the University on the ground of academic freedom. Thus John Searle, chairman of the Berkeley Academic Freedom Committee, denounced the Regents' action as a "violation of academic freedom" and University President Charles Hitch explicated: "Freedom of thought and expression within the university is neither a luxury nor a special prerequisite extended to the faculty. It is our life blood."

Well, should a Communist teach in a university? The Regents' case, too, rests on academic freedom: i.e., a Communist precisely is not free intellectually, and therefore, prima facie, cannot function within an institution the very premise of which is, yes, intellectual freedom. Instead of meeting this case on its obvious merits the professors and the students have resorted to demagogy, expressing their own analytical powers and rhetorical originality by charging "McCarthyism."

As it happens, a coincidental episode in California may prove instructive. Dorothy Healy has now been dropped from her post as Chairman of the Communist Party, Southern California branch (whereupon she applied for state unemployment compensation). Why was she dropped by the CP? She had broken with the Party line on Czechoslovakia and criticized the Soviet invasion. The Party, it is clear, still enforces its discipline.

The tragic aspect of the Angela Davis affair, then, is not that the Regents have attacked academic freedom, but that they have been obliged to defend it against furious resistance put up by liberal and radical academics who are, as ever, invincible in their ignorance of the premises of their own profession.

Successful Counterinsurgency

Some guerrilla wars, it seems, can be won. Last year, San Francisco State College was the scene of a full-scale insurgency complete with arson, bombing, guns, strikes by students and faculty, massive confrontations and campaigns of intimidation against moderate faculty members. For his efforts to restore order, President Hayakawa was described as an "Eichmann" by the far-out leftist writer, Kay Boyle.

Today, SF State is, once more, an academic institution. George Murray, the black militant teacher who urged that guns be brought to the campus, has now served six months in jail, may have to serve another six months, and has dropped out of the Movement. Nathan Hare, the radical who was slated to head the black studies program, disrupted a faculty meeting and has been fired by Hayakawa. A radical economics professor and revolutionary energumen, Dr. William Stanton, will be dropped this spring. The radical teachers' union, which mounted the strike in an effort to force Hayakawa to the

"Wonderful news, Sister. The 'maxi' is back."

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wall, has been stymied by a state law which "assumes resignation" when a faculty member is absent from his duties for five consecutive days. So far, 319 faculty members have "resigned" under the law, though their cases are being appealed. The student government, which was a principal source of funds for campus radicals, has had its money cut off. This fall, in an election for the faculty senate, a slate of moderates defeated a rival group of radicals. The students? Why, they are attending classes and studying their lessons. And get this, Hayakawa and Reagan will be called enemies of education.

Jack Kerouac, R I P

Some of them have settled down in the suburbs now, some of them have gone back to the little towns they came from; some, like Allen Ginsberg, have freaked out way beyond return. And some of them sit in small dark bars in places like Denver and Santa Fe, stranded like bits of driftwood on a beach after flood tide. Men in their forties, gray and used up, and it takes a little more booze each month to work up to anything like a moment or two of that old wild exuberance. "Jack's dead," they'll murmur, and have another one for that road they'll never travel again.

To those of us who did some of our growing up around Columbia in the Fifties, he was *the* standard, *the* legend. He'd been a high school football hero back in Lowell, and on a good boozy night Scott Fitzgerald just might have traded *The Great Gatsby* for Jack's varsity letter. Then he broke his leg after a long splendid punt return, and that finished football at Columbia. And the stories, apocryphal perhaps, but the stuff of Fifties' legend. The wild jags, the fistfight with a professor, the trips with Cassady. And in between, he sat down and wrote a best-seller in 21 days. And so what if it didn't read quite like we expected? To hell with the carping over the quality of the prose, the depth of the thought. We didn't give a sweet damn, for he was saying something we all ached to find our own way to say: we loved this country and we wanted to tell it so. And it is precisely this that comes through *On the Road*. A deep, profound love affair with America.

On the day of his death I had a note from him. "Dear Coyne," he wrote, "This brochure reads like a complaint by Al Capone." He referred to a long whining diatribe printed by New Left tax-refusers. He loathed them. They were punks who had made their minds up about the world before they knew anything, and they had expropriated the legend. But their claim was not legitimate. They hadn't earned it, Jack believed, and they never would. For their hatreds were not his, and his love for America will forever lie far outside their experience.

Disreputable, sure. At times perhaps even degenerate. But in a peculiarly American way, the way of Walt Whitman or Hart Crane or maybe even Fitzgerald. And this the neo-Beats will never understand.

And every now and then, against our wills, we'll still make an occasional trip up to the West End Bar, the place that Jack once ruled. We'll drink a glass or two of good cheap rotgut wine, and for a little while it will be 1950 and we'll think again of magic names like Denver and Tucson and Santa Fe. And we'll all devoutly hope that Jack's road ended where it should. —J.C.

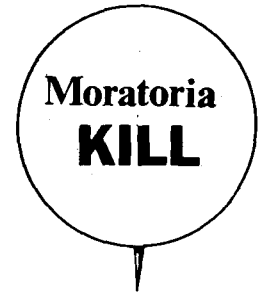
Notes & Asides

■ At the University of Maryland the other day the class waited for Spanish Professor Pedro Entenza, but gave up, and one student scribbled on the blackboard, "Sorry we missed you." Entenza, a scholar and novelist, age 39, refugee from Cuba, father of six daughters, did not turn up because he was dead. He was driving home the night before. Two minors, aged fifteen and seventeen, thought it would be amusing to drop a seventy-pound steel drain-grating on top of the cruising Volkswagen below. The driver was dead by the time he reached the hospital. His students grieve for him and plan a memorial. Inquiries should be addressed to the Don Pedro Memorial Library Fund, Language Building LL, University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland 20742. Oh yes, the kids were released: minors.

■ *NR*'s Minister of Buttons has asked me to interrupt Notes & Asides to bring you the following commercial message:

BUGGED BY THE BUG-OUT BOYS?

The Moratorium folks will do their thing again on November 13-15. *This* time be prepared: stand up and be counted. Wear *NR*'s own Moratorium-busting buttons:



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■ To: WFB
FROM: C. Simonds

Re your assignment to do the editorial on electoral reform.

I have failed.

I suggest that you assign electoral reform to someone else, for the next magazine.

I am sorry.

I am running away to join the circus. —Chris

■ Dear Sirs: Glad to be of help. With the two-year extension my subscription should go on for a long long time. Since I am 76 years old, I may not see the end of it on this earth. In any case if the subscription expires after me, please forward it to my new address.

Regards,
Louis J. Camuti (Dr.)
Mt. Vernon, New York

■ A Special Announcement to the readers of *Combat* (the *NR* anti-Left newsletter):

Shortly after the Convention at Chicago, *Time* Magazine commissioned our old friend and colleague Garry Wills to write an essay on the Politics of Obscenity. He produced as brilliant an essay on a disturbing contemporary phenomenon as I—or the editors of *Time*—have ever seen. But after prolonged agonizing, *Time* decided against general publication of the article. Because it contains graphic descriptions of some of the obscenities performed and spoken at Chicago and, not without reason, the editors reasoned that the stuff was too strong for the general stomach. The piece was returned, and we now have title to it.

We went through something of the same soul-searching. Should we publish it in NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine? No, we decided: for the same reasons *Time* decided. Should we publish it in *Combat*? After all, *Combat* readers are intensely interested in the activities of the Left—some of the principals are even now being tried in Chicago—and goodness knows, obscenity is one of the most conspicuous activities of the Left. But even on this proposal there was dissension among the editors. What would Mr. Jones say on opening *Combat* and reading this essay?

We have under the circumstances decided that we will send the essay, in mimeographed form, to any reader who asks for it. We will send it free of charge, as a service to *Combat* readers. You have merely to drop us a line or postcard. We will then ask you to do us one favor. Having read the essay, please fill out the questionnaire which you will find attached to the essay and return it to us (unsigned). It will simply ask your judgment on the question whether you believe the importance of the material justifies our sharing it with all of our readers by open publication.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Yes! By all means rush by return mail, in plain wrapper, the obscene material you mention in your Special Announcement enclosed with your latest mailing.

Yes! Please do *not* remove my name from your mailing list as I wish to continue receiving the same type of material. I will not notify the postmaster to stop delivering such material. I am over eighteen years old.

Do you plan to branch out into illustrations and films too? I particularly like "Beavers" and "Redliners."

If in the future you wish my help in making any other editorial decisions please do not hesitate to call on me. In fact, I stand ready to assume the editorship of all NATIONAL REVIEW publications at a moment's notice.

Very sincerely
Martin J. Birmingham
New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: After reading Mr. Brian White's letter (*NR*, Sept. 9) and performing a few calculations (*sans* computer), we are delighted to inform you that you need not fear the sabotage, the threat of which forced you to succumb to Mr. White's demand for an autographed copy of *The Unmaking of a Mayor*.

Let us suppose that each question in the Prophet of the Year contest has only two possible answers, e.g. true or false. (Actually, some of the questions might have more than two alternatives, so the following calculations are quite conservative.) With twenty questions, and two alternatives each, there are 2^{20}, or 1,048,576 possible combinations of answers. Even granting that a "Prophet for Profit" committee might have enough time to stuff a million entries in a million envelopes, postage alone would exceed $60,000, an amount far greater than the prize money from the contest. Mr. White's scheme is much too expensive for him—or you—to seriously consider it.

Therefore, since you do not have to send Mr. White the autographed copy of your book, can you send it to us?

Yours Truly,
Coleman Merryman, Jr.
Sandra Merryman
Psychology Department, U. of Texas

—WFB

Ennui

Mr. Palme, who's the leader
  Of the see-no-evil Swedes,
Hopes Hanoi is hailed The Winner
  And the NLF succeeds.
As he showers them with krona;
  As his population cheers,
Think how *boring* to be neutral
  For 150 years.

W. H. VON DREELE

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THE NEW YORK ELECTION AND YOU

However it goes November 4, John Lindsay's "New Politics" is old hat, says the author. There is a restlessness in the electorate, a New *New Politics— with a Procaccino button on one lapel and a Marchi button on the other*

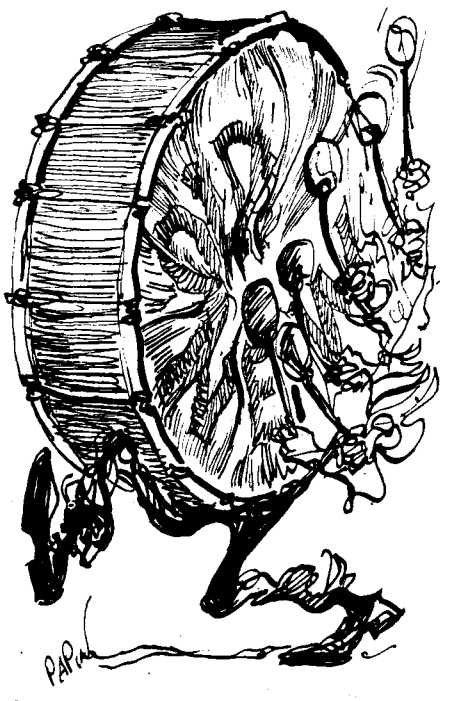
New Politics and Old

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER recently summed up the 1969 New York City mayoral campaign: "I've never seen such a confused situation." Except for the most dedicated partisans, no one is calling the election, and even the pollsters are unusually cautious, each new sampling veering crazily from the preceding one.

Part of the problem is that there is just too much involved. Politics has changed drastically in the past decade. Traditional party alignments have been fractured, new groups have sprung up unable to identify themselves with the old organizations, and revolutionary ideas about man's relationship to his society and to his government stir across the nation. For some it's an exhilarating period, for others the most dangerous time in American history.

The new mood has been growing since the late Fifties, but few people realized just how significant it was until the traumatic summer of 1968, when things began to crystallize. First there was the New Politics, personified by such as Eugene McCarthy and his neo-romantic followers. And closely related was the development of a New New Politics, based in the potentially explosive feeling of frustration among the middle- and lower-middle, white, working classes, a group traditionally silent and non-ideological who very nearly allowed themselves to be victimized by a feisty demagogue from Alabama. And the other groups and ideas: black militants who preached violence and embraced the doctrines of the New Racism; young pampered spawn of the upper-middle classes who destroyed the universities that sheltered them in the name of New Leftism; young counter-revolutionaries who formed hard new New Right groups.



And in the background the new abstractions: the war in Vietnam as the source of all the world's evils; white racism as the source of most national evils and black power as the panacea; mystical ideas of collective guilt passed somehow from generation to generation. Often silly, but taken together dangerous, unless the passions which lie behind them can somehow be fitted into a recognizably democratic political framework and controlled. And this is what makes the New York election important, for all these ideas and movements are central in New York today, shuffling about, clashing violently with one another, seeking coherent shape and direction.

The campaign is a campaign of contradictions, perhaps the most striking being that the candidates are much less important as people than as symbols. Recently I followed Mario Procaccino (the Democrat) on a walking tour through the Bronx. The buildup was terrific, "Mareeeooo Procacceeeeeeno," blared the sound trucks, "Mareeeooo, son of a shoemaker. He came up the hard way, just like you and me." The crowd was large, enthusiastic; emotions whipped high. Procaccino's car pulled up, people screamed, and he stepped out. And promptly disappeared. A startlingly short man—even the squattest of the onlookers seemed to tower above him. Procaccino pushed about ten feet ahead, shook a few hands, then pushed ten feet back to this car, got in, and drove off. And after he had gone, the crowd was as enthusiastic as when he had appeared. Few of them had shaken the hand, fewer had seen him. But no one cared. For the man as a man really means little. What he represents is significant.

The campaign is about issues, not people, or more specifically about ideas which have not quite jelled, ideas in search of an ideology to codify and arrange them. In this sense, it is more than anything else an ideological campaign, New Leftism-liberalism, essentially, up against the New Conservatism. Recent American politics has remained, despite the Goldwater revolution of '64, non-ideological. The old liberal ideas, doctrines floating on the eclectic intellectual porridge of popularized nineteenth-century notions—Marxism, Darwinism, Freudianism—have never been subjected to rigid scrutiny simply because no counter-ideology during the past couple of decades has been available as a basis for the task.

But this comfortable liberal condition has been profoundly disturbed, as the mayoral campaign dramatizes. There is

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a rumbling, growing louder, threatening to drown the noises of the civil rights marchers and the campus protestors. The new protestors are members of the white middle class, the largest single group in the country. And they are deeply angry. They are angry at those generations that have invoked abstract panaceas and ended in creating national disaster areas of once-respectable cities. They are angry because their families are preyed upon by criminals whom they believe to be encouraged by elected officials and often financed by their tax dollars.

New York Is in a Mess . . .

Nothing has worked for them. Integrate your schools, they were told, integrate your housing, and an age of brotherhood will set in. Reluctantly at first, but eventually with that low-keyed goodwill characteristic of decent Americans of all types, they accepted the concept of integration. It moved slowly, of course, but it moved. And so most Americans accepted the panacea of integration, only to discover that everyone still wasn't nice. And now there's a whole new flipflop, and they find themselves expected to atone for the sins of the slave traders and embrace something suspiciously like neo-segregation and minority neo-racism. Keep quiet, they're urged, when militants pursue their children across college campuses they pay to keep running. The old abstraction was integration. The new one is white racism. And we'd better believe it, by God, or we're the worst sort of bigots.

The New York mayoral campaign is about such things, ideas rather than hard issues, although, ironically, New York never stood in such need of hard concrete remedies to hard specific problems. The problems are legion, summed up nicely by Alistair Cooke, who brings an objective British perspective to an overview of the condition of the City.

> Its water is doctored with increasing desperation to taste like carbolic acid. Its streets, once you get above or beyond the wealthy compound of the upper East Side, are abandoned to dustbins groaning with uncollected garbage. Its courts provide so long an interval between crime and punishment that many dangerous criminals are out on bail or appeal. The public transport is congested, dirty and subject to power blackouts. The schools are a battleground of races, and of teachers too harried by disorder to do much teaching. Only the police have managed, by exercising restraint that sometimes borders on the heroic, to improve their old tough image.

All hard problems, to which might be added a horror of a welfare system which costs nearly $2 billion per year. Hard problems, but paradoxically, as individual municipal problems capable of individual solutions, they are not really the issues in this campaign. Being voted on instead is the whole view of man and philosophy of government which has given rise to the problems. On one side is John Lindsay, paradoxically the personification of the New Politics while practicing the oldest of the old. Lindsay was the man of glamour in '65, the last great period of image politics, a period when how you looked, dressed, walked, grinned, looked thoughtful, and ate your grapefruit were of primary importance. But the New Politics has been modified by the Gene McCarthy-George McGovern-New Left brand of the Politics of Sensibility, and it's not enough to be cute any longer. You gotta have heart. And so Lindsay has been forced to adapt, to bring somehow the image business into line with the New Romanticism, and to modify his New Deal liberalism accordingly.

The New Romanticism, emotional basis for the new politics, is difficult to define. But until a philosopher takes it on, perhaps it can best be summed up by quoting a letter sent to the media by the group that recently blew up Manhattan's Whitehall Street Induction Center. The letter reads: "Tonight we bombed the Whitehall Induction Center. This action was in support of the NLF, legalized marijuana, love, Cuba, legalized abortion, and all the American revolutionaries and GIs who are winning the war against the Pentagon. Nixon, surrender now."

There it is. And it's to this that Lindsay caters by directing the major thrust of the New Politics half of his campaign against the Vietnam war. "Not since Calvin Coolidge picked on sin," writes Alistair Cooke, "has a man running for re-election found so reliable a catchword as 'end the war.' "

Lindsay sees the war as his bread-and-butter issue, one designed to appeal to the strongest of the new emotions without requiring anything politically specific from him. In the primary campaign he lashed out at Albany for failing to provide the money necessary to run the City. Now it's a full-fledged attack upon Washington. "New York City—you and I—have become prisoners of war in Vietnam," says Lindsay at Queens' College. "Every month the City faces new fiscal crises because the money has been drained away in pursuit of the most deadly folly in the history of our foreign policy." Blame Washington, in other words, for the City's problems.

John Marchi has a typically sensible answer to this sort of thing. "A discussion of foreign policy, as interesting as it may be, is no answer to those who have been assaulted, maimed and murdered in this city." Lindsay ignores the problems here, says Marchi, "whenever he discusses foreign policy in Southeast Asia or the needs of the aborigines in New Guinea."

. . . Vietnam Is in New York

If we can only get our share of those war billions from Washington, the city's problems will be solved, says Lindsay. But he doesn't mean it of course, except in the most pragmatic political sense. The war in Vietnam is, after all, the central concern of the New Politics. And Lindsay milks it, as witness his total support of the October 15 Moratorium. The Moratorium provided him with his biggest political day of the campaign (except, perhaps, for the succeeding day when he worked his way into the New York Mets' dressing room, insinuated himself in front of the television cameras, and managed to get champagne poured over his head during the victory celebration. Some say that until last month he thought the Mets were a soccer team).

On the day of the Moratorium, Lindsay stepped forward as the quintessential new politician, his newly discovered antiwar position visible to the nation. And there is no doubt that he won the hearts of the New Romantics and the crazies. But by so doing he may have made a political miscalculation. For many who want to end the war believe Richard Nixon is doing the best possible job of getting it over with, and they see the Moratorium as a partisan attack on Nixon rather than a sincere objection to the war. The Moratorium, said one spokesman, "cannot be considered as honoring the dead, but a capitulation to the enemy." The Patrol-

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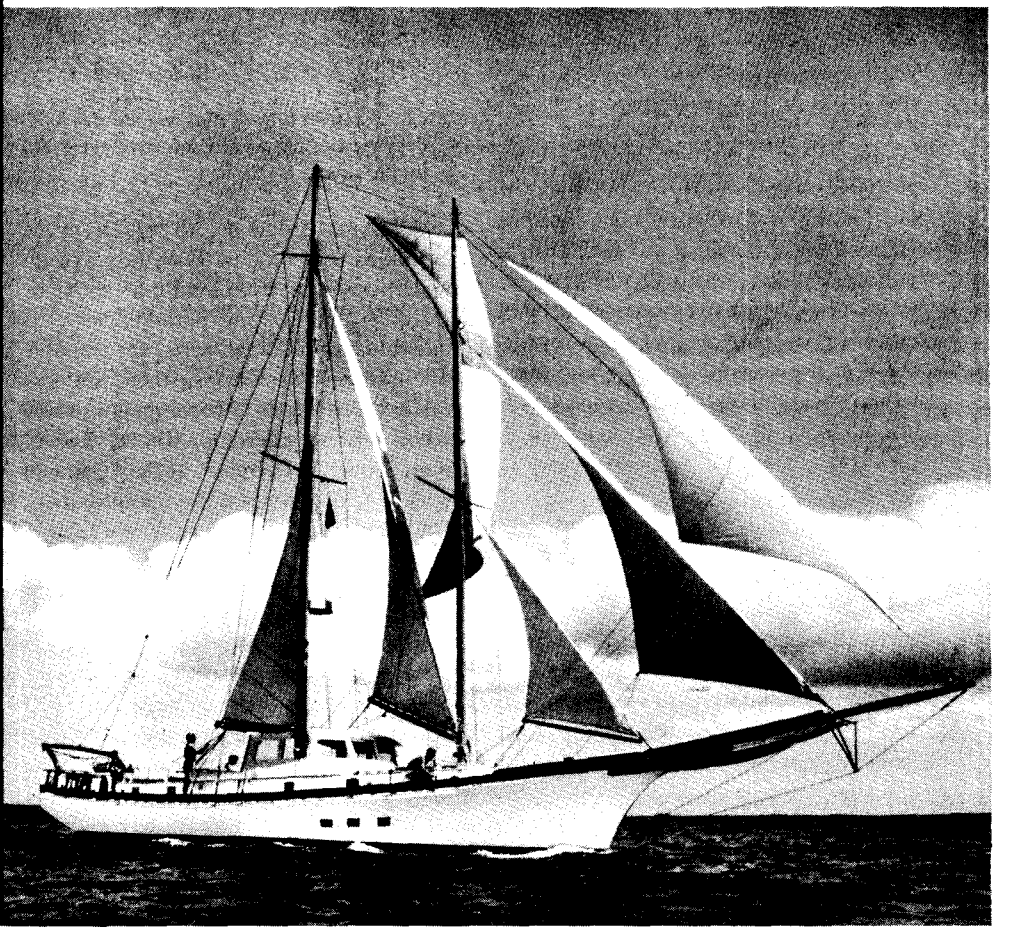

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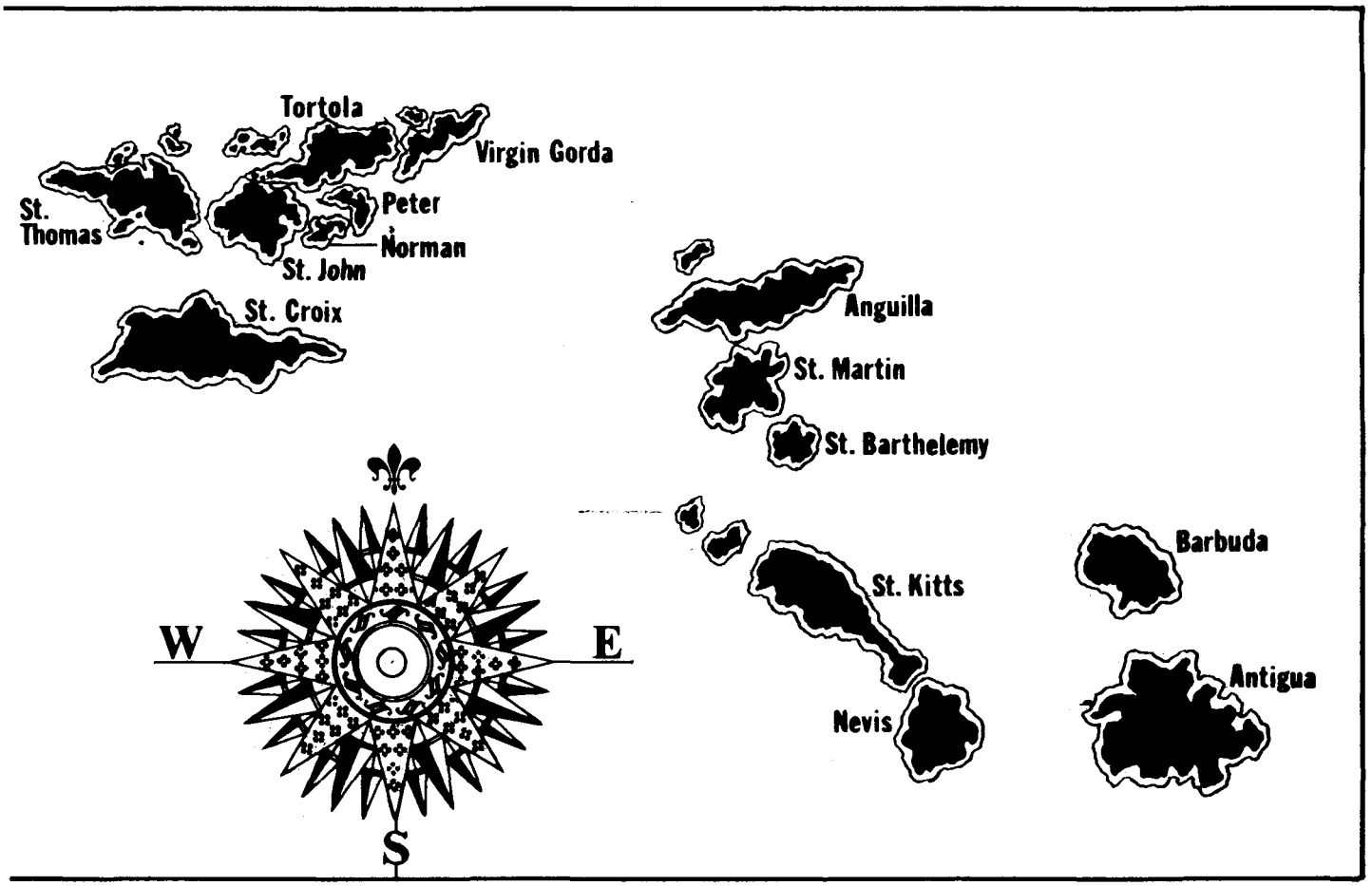

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A week's cruise allows you to visit all ıe interesting harbors and cays of the merican and British Virgin Islands, with ıe exception of St. Croix. If St. Croix visited, then many of the other islands ill have to be eliminated from the itin-ary. We normally start from Yacht Ha-:n, St. Thomas.

The usual routine allows a morning ıd an afternoon sail, with a lunch-time ıchorage. There's ample time for snor-elling, swimming, sailing the sailboard, :ploring ashore. Many of the stops fea-ıre an interesting little inn, often owned / former business executives who have :d the "rat race" and gone native. hese spots are always interesting to visit :r cocktails, and sometimes a dinner hore as well. Other stops offer a de-rted beach, a beautiful reef, and the 'er-present sound of the turtle doves in ıe trees.

Some of the more interesting stops are reat Harbor at Jost Van Dyke Island; ittle Thatch Island; Road Town, Tortola ome good shopping here); Peter Island; orman Island (this island provided the inspiration for Robert Louis Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND. Its caves are well worth exploring.) Virgin Gorda with its famous baths; Gorda Sound, with its beautiful anchorages at Mosquito Island and Prickly Pear Island; Marina Cay; Trellis Bay; and of course the numerous fine harbors along the shore of St. John. There's an underwater park at Trunk Bay, complete with underwater signs identifying various coral formations and types of fish.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS ' ' '
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All of the islands and stops in the one-week cruise, and St. Croix as well. St. Croix lies approximately 35 miles South of St. Thomas. With the usual prevailing Easterlies, this is a 4–5 hour sail aboard CYRANO. And it's a beautiful open-sea reach that you'll long remember. We arrive in Christiansted in ample time for exploring ashore that evening. The second day there can be split between a taxi tour of the island and a trip to Buck Island and its underwater coral gardens, maintained by the U. S. Department of the Interior. The third day allows an equally invigorating reach back to the rest of the Virgin Islands.

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With two weeks at our disposal, we can be much more flexible. The best way is to join CYRANO at Antigua and work your way back to St. Thomas. This involves paying for a few days' "deadhead" time, but it ensures downhill sailing all the way. It is possible in two weeks to sail from St. Thomas to Antigua and back, seeing some but not all of the islands along the way.

If the first option is chosen, we can start from English Harbour, Antigua. Stops can be made at Nevis, St. Kitts, Statia, St. Barts, St. Maarten, or Anguilla. Not all of them, but the two or three you want to see most. These few islands, less than 100 miles separating the furthest apart, are a veritable U.N. of heritages . . . British, Dutch, and French. And from St. Maarten or Anguilla to the Virgin Islands it's a long overnight sail, with the wind aft of the beam. Truly a sailor's delight.

Cyrano will be in the Virgin Islands all winter. Make your plans now for an unforgettable vacation!

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men's Benevolent Association, like many other organizations in New York, went on record as denouncing "organized public attacks on the foreign policy of the United States."

New Romantics . . .

There is no doubt that people in large numbers oppose the war. But Lindsay may be misreading their importance as potential voters. The Moratorium turnout in New York was massive, but its most active participants were extremely suspect. I followed the two largest candlelight parades, one through Times Square and along Seventh Avenue and Broadway, the other east on 42nd Street. The great majority of the thousands of marchers in each were campus types from Columbia, NYU and universities and colleges in New York and much of the Northeast. Among them the New Left types predominated, and those decent-looking young, liberal types who fleshed out the processions seemed, in the main, much too young to vote even if they were residents of New York City. Lindsay won their hearts, to be sure, but the question is whether he won any significant number of votes. And among those who opposed the idea of the Moratorium, those who loathe the New Romanticism, Lindsay probably lost more than he gained.

Lindsay is in deep trouble already with those who distrust the New Romanticism. His campaign has been marked by bitter heckling, and there are areas of the City in which he is as welcome as chicken pox. Recently a container of beer and pieces of garbage were bounced off his head in Staten Island. In the Bronx, he visited the Shorehaven Beach Club, to be greeted by anti-Lindsay signs and shouts of "What's that bum doing here?," "Dump Lindsay," and "Limousine Liberal." The cries of "Lindsay Must Go" became so heartfelt that Lindsay had to do just that. At the Clear View Club in Queens he met the same reception, with people shouting: "Go home, you don't belong here." A few hours later, at Far Rockaway, the "Dump Lindsay" chants forced him to cut his speech short.

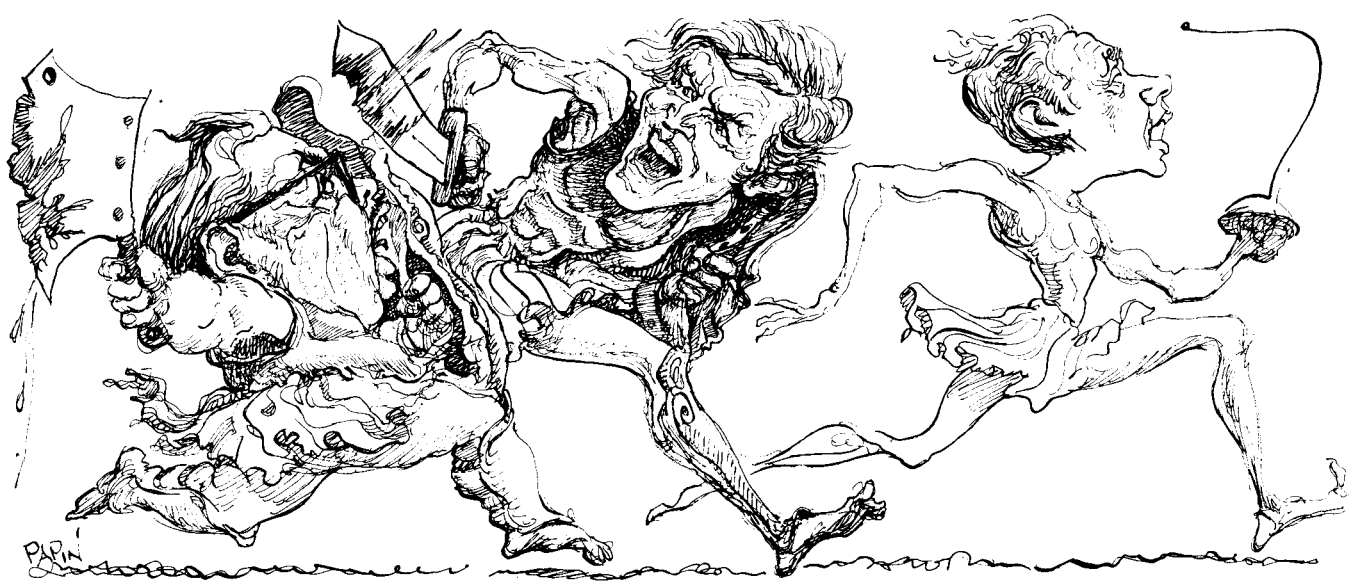
These are the alienated white middle- and lower-middle-class voters, of course, the voters who a few years ago would have voted liberal Democratic, but are now so disillusioned with the deterioration of their environment that the very term "liberal" provokes them to near-violence, a massive potential voting bloc waiting for the right leader. And that leader is certainly not Lindsay.

This is not terribly surprising, and were this manifestation of the New-New Politics all Lindsay had to contend with, he might not be running scared. New York, after all, long the Queen City of liberalism, still possesses many of the old instincts and reflexes. But the New New Politics in New York speaks for more than just those people discovered by George Wallace and *Newsweek*. In New York, those Italian, Irish and German-Americans up to there with liberalism have found strange allies among New York's Jews, the City's best-informed and heaviest bloc voting group. The Jews, along with Manhattan's silk-stocking Republicans and members of several minority groups, gave Lindsay his narrow '65 victory—by abandoning the Democratic Party. But the Jews have never trusted him since the school strike. Lindsay, said Albert Shanker flatly last month, "did help cause an upsurge in anti-semitism as a result of his handling of the school dispute." And this sentiment runs strong through the Jewish community.

. . . and Old Immigrants

The Jewish Defense League should not be taken completely seriously, since its following is small and its rhetoric overheated indeed; its extremism could result, like excessive heckling, in creating sympathy for Lindsay. Even so, its ad in the *New York Times* is worth quoting as a hyperemotionalized enumeration of the grievances sincerely felt by some New York Jews. The ad attacks Lindsay for "political cowardice," his "flight from confrontation," his silence on "the growth of a reign of terror against Jewish merchants in so-called ghetto areas," who "have been murdered, extorted, burned out and daily harassed."

> Crime in every neighborhood in the City has reached intolerable levels but in the Jewish areas it has an added thrust of antisemitism [it reads] . . . Extremism has been taught the lesson of success through the Lindsay flight from courageous stability and the youngsters of our schools have been delivered up to the radicals and the racists. The failure of the Mayor to take firm action during riots in high schools



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and colleges stands as a permanent indictment against him.

Such charges are made by more groups than just members of the Jewish Defense League. Listen, for instance, to an organization called Citizens for Local Democracy, writing in the *Village Voice*:

> Lindsay's plan was to appoint numerous black "leaders" to the City bureaucracies, spread boodle among black hustlers in the ghettos, and build a private political machine on the backs of the black people of the City. The hustlers would keep the ghettos cool and Lindsay would win the gratitude of fearful members of the white middle class. . . . Lindsay's plan, of necessity, left virtually everyone out who is neither a black man nor a white middle-class liberal, namely the majority of citizens outside the borough of Manhattan. These people Lindsay has treated these past four years with something worse than contempt; he has treated them as if they didn't exist. That they detest him passionately is understandable enough. . . .

Again, exaggerated. But the New Politics can boomerang.

Smear 'em, Split 'em

The question for Lindsay, because of the depth of the passions he has helped to awaken, is no longer how to smooth things over. It has become, rather, how to salvage as many votes as possible. The alliance between New York's traditionally liberal Jews and the non-Jewish white working class is still an uneasy one, as Lindsay recognizes, and he has chosen to try to split it by downplaying his involvement with black and brown New Yorkers, most of whose votes he has in his pocket anyhow, and trying to woo back the Jews. And this leads to another of the paradoxes of a paradoxical campaign. For Lindsay, who has striven mightily to be reborn as a New Politician, must in his courtship of the Jews practice the oldest type of the old politics. He must pander to the fears and prejudices of an ethnic group. In short, the old hack game of ethnic politics.

The furor over the Jewish Defense League ad prompted the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith to fire off strongly worded letters to each of the candidates, warning them not to make special attempts to corner the "so-called Jewish vote." "Such appeals," the letter said, "cannot help but increase the polarization, alienation, and distrust that must be eliminated in this City lest human relations deteriorate to the danger level." The candidates renounced any such intent, of course, the most pious denial of all coming from the Mayor's campaign manager. "We pride ourselves on having made no appeal to ethnic groups," said Richard Aurelio proudly. And in the meantime, Lindsay was engaged in a crash program to capture the Jewish vote.

He began by treating the visit of Golda Meir as a personal visit, making strong statements about how we should go to war for Israel (unless Israel moves to Southeast Asia), making mooey eyes at the Israeli prime minister whenever a camera happened to be passing by—which was constantly.

The drive for Jewish votes includes the addition to the Lindsay campaign staff of an adviser on the whole Jewish problem, a Dr. Marvin Schick, on special leave, arranged by Lindsay, from Lehman College. Under Schick's direction, people like Alex Rose, Attorney General Lefkowitz, and Senator Jacob Javits all worked for Lindsay in what might well be called a Department of Jewish Affairs. Javits, for one, has already fired his first typically intemperate broadside, a smear aimed at insinuating that both Procaccino and Marchi were brute-minded, a smear which brought the first hint of campaign wrath from John Marchi. Javits, he said, "is a pompous, posturing ass."

There are signs it is working, however, despite the distasteful obviousness of the ethnic gambit. Many Jewish Democrats fear Mario Procaccino instinctively, and they are intellectually uneasy in their strange new alliance with blue-collar, white working types, types which they (hereditarily) believe to be hereditarily antisemitic. The problem is, for such Jews, that they think they have no place to go, and now that Lindsay is talking to them again as he did in '65, they are willing to allow their memories to cloud over. Perhaps the most significant endorsement Lindsay has received came two weeks ago from former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, a Democrat of unimpeachable integrity and a man highly respected in New York's Jewish community.

The Jewish vote may well hold the key to the New York elections. New York's Jews tend to vote twice as regularly as, say, New York's Irish or Italians, so that their influence tends to be conclusive. Thus Procaccino must do his best to capture their vote, disavowing as vehemently as possible those populist aspects of his campaign which most frightened Jewish voters. What appeal he does have for Jewish voters lies in his unceasing attacks on the accomplishments (or more precisely, the lack of accomplishments) of the Lindsay regime. Lindsay is the master of the smear, however, and his attacks on Procaccino have been classic examples of how to imply that a man is a bigot while never quite saying so. Procaccino bids for power, Lindsay says over and over again, "by dividing us against each other," "by spreading suspicion and mistrust," by catering to "hate and fear." This is as far as Lindsay will go. When the big boom is needed, he calls in always-available Jacob Javits ("candidates of the night stick") or someone like Senator Charles Goodell (Procaccino is "permitting a campaign that exploits racism") or Councilman J. Raymond Jones, longtime black political leader, a senior servant of Tammany (Procaccino is "anti-black"). Still, there is no doubt that Lindsay's campaign to woo Jewish voters has drained some traditionally Democratic support from Procaccino.

Procaccino: The Slipping Constituency

AND THEN, of course, there is the danger to Procaccino from the other side. His potential constituency is the white middle, lower-middle and working class, many of whom find themselves torn between traditional New Deal loyalties to the Democratic Party and strong conservative instincts. They could back a Marchi. Marchi is, like Procaccino, an Italian-American, and as such has strong ethnic appeal to Irish-Americans as well as Italians. Unlike Procaccino, however, he is quiet, restrained, always gentlemanly, never excessively emotional, except perhaps when talking about Javits, concerning whom it is hard to be excessive. He understands the New New Politics which springs from white discontent, and he also realizes that this discontent is justified by legitimate concern over the deteriorating quality of urban life for those whites, who, unlike the "limousine liberals," have to live and raise their families in these neighborhoods long after the campaign visitors have gone home to retreats in Gracie Man-

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sion or Connecticut. Marchi understands and speaks to the best of those qualities which have always defined America's blue-collar class, while it cannot be denied that Procaccino appeals, if not exactly to the worst, then to those qualities which are more emotional than rational. Thus, Procaccino sits upon a slipping constituency, one side of which can slide toward Lindsay, the other to Marchi. And so his only choice, given certain noticeable limitations of appeal and intellectual depth, is to play hard on the discontent of the newly formidable white workers. And so still another paradox: Procaccino, most obviously the old politician of the crowd, emerges as the most vehement practitioner of the New New Politics.

John Marchi's position is the most central, his initial strength being well fixed, with no one who voted for him in the primary likely to swing to Lindsay, whose majority, if it comes, must come from liberal Democrats. Marchi's campaign has been the most impressive of the three. He is obviously the candidate with the most taste and brain power, and he never descends to the smear, as do Lindsay and his supporters Javits and Goodell.

Marchi has presented a special problem to his opponents. Lindsay began the campaign by trying out the same sort of smears he has used against Procaccino. Marchi, however, refused to get ruffled. Both Procaccino and Lindsay, he said, are "a couple of rhetorical muggers," but Lindsay, he continued, is "most guilty," setting the tone for a smear campaign the day after his primary defeat "by accusing those who voted for me of being racial bigots," and by so doing "by innuendo . . . so labeling me."

The early attacks on Marchi were of a piece with the attacks on Procaccino. Marchi wanted to "spread fear and mistrust," wanted "to drive the City apart [a most unwieldy metaphor]." But as autumn followed summer it became increasingly evident that it wasn't working. People were responding to the Marchi campaign. Nick Thimmesch, a liberal who writes for the liberal *Newsday* calls Marchi, believe it or not, not an "ultraconservative" but a "centrist Republican" who "speaks reasonably and hopes people will listen." Pete Hamill, ultraliberal columnist for the ultraliberal *New York Post*, says:

> It is rapidly becoming clear that the most impressive campaign being run in this town is the quiet campaign of John Marchi. While his two opponents claw and struggle with each other, Marchi goes his quiet way. He makes no demagogic speeches. . . . He does not accuse voters of bad faith if they disagree with his political ideas. He so far hasn't pandered; he has spoken intelligently about most issues. . . . His temperament is cool, reasoned, even somewhat withdrawn. . . . In comparison, his opponents share a common trait: the ability to turn the air rancorous. . . . Marchi understands that the time is past for the Mayor to impose all solutions. . . . He plans to press for revision of the City charter to bring some power back to borough presidents, to make the City council a true legislative body, and to involve community planning boards more directly in the affairs of the City. . . . Marchi is the class in the room.

High praise indeed considering the source. A conservative couldn't have put it better. And such praise has caused Lindsay to drop the smear campaign against Marchi.

Marchi: The Middle Way

Marchi, then, represents an alternative to those who know that Lindsay intends to use them in the old politics while pressing forward with the New Politics in his quest for national office. And Marchi also represents an alternative to those white voters who are fed to the teeth with the abstractions of liberalism, but fear the emotional excesses of the New New Politics. Marchi represents the New Conservatism, like the old predicated primarily on a belief in the solid worth of the individual and the absolute value of individual integrity but, unlike the old, containing no elements of the often unfortunate, populist, no-nothing streak which crippled the Old Right. The New Conservatism, like the old, stresses individual worth and integrity. Like the old, it embraces central concepts such as fiscal integrity, strict constitutional constructionism, decentralization, antimaterialism, and, perhaps most important of all, anti-abstractionism. But it contains none of the suicidal impulses of the old, and its new-found appeal is amply illustrated by the success of one of its spokesmen, John Marchi, in winning the grudging praise of so much of the liberal press in the most liberal city in the world.

What we are seeing in New York is no less than the death throes of contemporary liberalism, a liberalism finally reduced to finding its most elegant advocate in John Lindsay. Lindsay has made New York a mess, and he has done so precisely because his superficialities reflect the sum total of what contemporary liberalism has become. If he wins, his victory will be a victory for the New Politics, the most reactionary movement yet to surface in this century. And the pity is, of course, that he won't quite know it. But if he loses, and if Marchi wins, there will be hope, and the nation's morale should, like New York City's, rise over the next few months and years. □

Long Live John Quixote de la Mancha!

(And Long Live his squire, Procasancho Panza!)

A yactor he'd make, but a mayor ? Oy !
Kissin grils in torrid luf scenes ! Boy !
Raising goozey bimples in the weeky matinay;
Wit a little mutstache—Cluck Gable, Latter Day !
Smilin wif his pretty teef; could sing I bet like Nelsy,
Smooch like Rudolph Vallee yet, make all the husbums jealsy;
Leading heartrob o' the day; to housefrouse nuttin dearer,
Screamin fer his autograft, transplanted from his mirror.
Riding ranges I could seehm, fighting on like Custard,
Poisson error fly like snow, an all the snow plows bustard !
Sailin master of a ship as fearful to the crew as Zeus is,
Hunting for the whales-that-blow to bring home excuses;
As a hamsome private eye, who slips the cops like silk,
And solves All Casablanca Crime with bogus Maltese milk. . . .
Or taking up his lance in hand, a kiss to Dulcinea:
Action ! Camera ! Ye Gads, John ! The windmill's that awea !

JOHANNES EFF

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DISSENT AT YALE

Three Questions
For President Brewster and Mayor Lee

EUGENE V. ROSTOW

I HAVE great respect for the motives and the methods of those who organized the October 15 Moratorium as a means of focusing thought on the anguishing problems of the conflict in Vietnam. I share the anguish of those who have precipitated this outpouring of concern. Indeed, those who have participated in the making of policy in recent years bear a special burden, a heavy one, in this connection.

The goal of the Moratorium was to induce the United States to withdraw its forces from Vietnam unilaterally, and without making a political agreement with Hanoi. Since I could not accept that goal, I could not join in the movement. But as a member of the Yale community, I feel I should explain the reasons which led me to this conclusion.

A convenient starting point for such an explanation is the statement which President Brewster and Mayor Lee issued on October 9. I find their statement deficient both in what it says, and above all in what it does not say.

Its plea for unilateral withdrawal apart, the main concrete proposals in the Brewster-Lee statement have long been standard features of United States policy, and have been rejected many times, and in many forms, by the authorities in Hanoi. It is not immediately apparent why these proposals should become more attractive to Hanoi because Messrs. Brewster and Lee would couple them to the threat of American withdrawal by a fixed date.

But the irrelevance of the Brewster-Lee plan to the problem of peace in Vietnam is not, to my mind, its chief defect: that defect is their complete silence on a series of issues on which I believe they owe us a duty to be explicit. A year ago, most of the critics of American policy in Vietnam were sure that a bombing halt would lead to a peace compatible with our treaty commitments. Within the last few weeks, many have cried "enough," and called for unilateral withdrawal. As responsible democratic leaders, President Brewster and Mayor Lee should explain why they think it is in the national interest of the United States to tear up our treaties, and how the course they advocate will affect the security of the United States, and the chance of peace.

FROM THE BEGINNING, an ironic feature of the debate about Vietnam has been that men have created the illusion of dissent, and employed its rhetoric, but wound up by admonishing the government to do in fact exactly what it was doing already. This was true of faculty manifestoes issued at Yale and elsewhere. It was true of the primary campaigns and the general election of 1968, where no candidate, save George Wallace, succeeded in defining a real alternative to the policy being pursued. The Brewster-Lee statement stands firmly in this tradition.

Messrs. Brewster and Lee say they regard it as self-evident that we should withdraw forthwith. But, they concede, "a large body of men of good will in this country . . . are as yet unpersuaded that the national interest would be served by an unconditional withdrawal from Vietnam." Therefore they make a series of proposals designed to achieve their end—withdrawal—but by stages more palatable to the rest of us.

They would have the government urge a ceasefire in Vietnam. They do not mention the fact that the United States and South Vietnam accepted U Thant's ceasefire proposals when they were made, more than a year ago. The idea has been advanced repeatedly by the United States and South Vietnam since that time, in the Paris talks and elsewhere. It has been regularly and categorically rejected by Hanoi. Why should an explosion of sentiment for an American withdrawal induce Hanoi to change its mind?

But the key to the Brewster-Lee plan is "the negotiation of an election schedule, with election supervision by a coalition body in which both sides are appropriately represented." Again, this is an old idea, with long roots in the chronicle of Vietnam peacemaking efforts. President Nixon and his representatives at Paris have recently pressed it again, with the support of the government of South Vietnam. This plan, too, has been turned down repeatedly by Hanoi.

The difficulty with such proposals is that they rest on illusions which the history of the conflict in Vietnam should have dispelled long ago. The moral of that history was clearly drawn last December by Wilfred Burchett, the well-known spokesman for Hanoi, in an interview in New York. Mr. Burchett reported that the Polish peace plan ("Marigold"), on which, like so many others, American officials had lavished hundreds of hours of effort, was a hoax, concocted by "well-meaning friends," but never authorized by Hanoi. There is reason to believe that Mr. Burchett's judgment applies to all the other abortive peace "feelers" of 1965, 1966 and 1967.

In short, what Burchett tells us is that Hanoi never intended to make any concessions whatever in exchange for the bombing halt it tried so hard, and so successfully, to obtain.

There is no public evidence qualifying Hanoi's position that we must accept the NLF as "the sole legitimate representative of the South Vietnamese people." This is the only issue in the war—the only one of Hanoi's "peace points" the United States and South Vietnam have not long since accepted. Recent variants of the theme do not modify that policy, for they posit an abandonment of the South Vietnamese constitution, and the government chosen under it, and the formation of a coalition consisting of the NLF, plus a few picked men who have participated in the government or the public life of South Vietnam.

THIS FACT—and it is a fact—makes the Brewster-Lee statement irrelevant at this point. There is no reason to suppose that Hanoi would risk a contested election such as Messrs. Brewster and Lee propose. No Communist Party which had a choice has done so since 1919. And the Brewster-Lee plan would hardly put Hanoi under a pressure to

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make concessions. And I have seen no estimate of Communist strength in South Vietnam of more than 17 per cent.

But Messrs. Brewster and Lee go beyond the positions of Senator Robert Kennedy, Senator McCarthy and other critics of the Administration in 1968.

During the campaign of 1968, and before, high-minded politicians and journalists were convinced that "real" negotiations, leading to "a fair and honorable peace, compatible with our obligations to South Vietnam," could and would be assured by stopping the bombing of North Vietnam, despite the failure of previous bombing halts to achieve any results whatever. The American people, these men said, are tough and responsible. They will do whatever is necessary to make their word good. But before undertaking such an effort, they want to be sure that every peaceful alternative is tested. All over the world, these critics said, we are told that a bombing halt will lead to peace. Let us find out. If a new bombing halt did not lead promptly to a decent peace, they said, they would advocate a military policy of much greater effort.

Now many who supported this position are, like Messrs. Brewster and Lee, urging that we withdraw our forces at once, and accept the NLF, with or without fig-leaves, as "the sole legitimate representative of the South Vietnamese people." Messrs. Brewster and Lee, as a humanitarian gesture, would provide assistance (but not asylum) for South Vietnamese who would wish to flee under such circumstances.

THE SHIFT from bombing halt to unilateral withdrawal is a major transformation in at least the nominal or the admitted aims of the larger part of the opposition to our policy in Vietnam.

On this subject, all Messrs. Brewster and Lee say is that we are incapable of winning this guerrilla conflict in Vietnam, as the British did in Malaya, or the Filipinos did in their country. This is patently in error. The United States could, if it wished, apply far more force than has yet been applied in Vietnam.

The Brewster-Lee statement makes no reference to the security considerations which led President Eisenhower to propose and the Senate to ratify the SEATO Treaty with regard to South Vietnam. It makes no reference to the reaffirmation of this policy by Congress in the Tonkin Gulf Resolution.

Messrs. Brewster and Lee make no reference to Vietnam as part of the long effort, stretching back to Iran in 1946, to Greece and Turkey, to Berlin and to Korea, through which the United States and its allies have sought to construct a new balance of power, and a new system of peace, to replace the

system which disintegrated into chaos between 1914 and 1945.

And they express no opinion as to the impact of their proposal on the course of events in many parts of the world, and on the chance for détente, and for peace.

As the *New Republic* points out, in its issue of September 27, a policy of unilateral withdrawal in Vietnam would have unimaginable human consequences, and breach national commitments "too many people prefer to forget."

It could also have political and military consequences which no responsible consideration of our dilemma in Vietnam should ignore.

I SHOULD therefore like to put three questions to Messrs. Brewster and Lee:

1. Why do you disagree with the judgment of four Presidents since the early Fifties, reaffirmed many times by Congress, that the independence of South Vietnam is as important to the security of the United States, and to the balance of power it is trying to create, as the independence of South Korea? Do you think the United States was right in insisting on the solution reached in Korea? If so, how do you distinguish the problem we faced in Korea from our problem in Vietnam?

2. Whether you think the national decisions of the last fifteen years about South Vietnam were right or wrong at the time they were made, what would the effect of withdrawal be *now*? The wisdom of our decisions to help the government of South Vietnam, in its effort to resist being taken over by what appeared to be an insurrection aided from abroad, can be debated, and will be debated by historians for many years. Surely many political and military mistakes were made along the way. But the problem of policy now is a different one. Messrs. Brewster and Lee urge that we cut our losses and withdraw at once. What would the costs of such a policy be? And how can they be balanced against its advantages? What conclusions would be drawn, both by our friends and by those who would be our adversaries, if the guarantees of an American treaty, reaffirmed by a joint resolution of the Congress, were proved worthless? What would the impact of such an event be on the fragile balance of tension in Europe, the Middle East, Africa and Asia? Would you approve or resist the use of force to achieve national unification in Germany and Korea? The Germans and the Koreans, after all, were also promised reunion through free elections. How, in your opinion, would Japan respond to this new condition in world affairs? How would the spectacle of American withdrawal affect the course of events in the Middle East and the developing world generally?

3. Would you wish to prevent the tide of feeling that would be involved in a withdrawal from Vietnam from engulfing our policies in Europe, the Mediterranean and the Far East? If so, how would you expect to do so? Do you support or oppose the Mansfield Resolution? Would you keep the fleet in the Mediterranean, and uphold our security arrangements with Japan, Korea, Australia, New Zealand, Israel and a number of other countries? In short, when you talk of "national priorities," do you mean anything more than the policy of isolation—of "America first"—which failed to prevent two World Wars, and the catastrophes that flowed from them?

The foreign policy we have pursued since 1947 is not an optional course,

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THE SIGN IN BOSTON COMMON

'We Are the Majority'

DAVID BRUDNOY

IT STARTED HERE months ago, in the brain of businessman Jerome Grossman. Boston became M-Day's nerve center: the morning's convocations and speeches by Cambridge dons and leftist pols followed by the afternoon harangue on Boston Common, where Revolutionary American liberty was conceived. Close by William Ellery Channing's church, where Phillips and Garrison preached liberty for Negro slaves—here on the old Common the horde assembled to advocate retreat, "get out now."

At Northeastern, whose president boasts of the nation's largest ROTC unit, but who canceled classes as demanded, Negro City Councilman Thomas Atkins damned the war oppressing his "black brothers." Brandeis' Morris Abram refused to cancel classes himself, instead let the professors do it (most complied). While Abram was at Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, fashioning inverted Chinese parallelisms for four hundred lawyers—"North Vietnam has no business meddling in our affairs; we had NO business meddling in theirs"—his campus entertained New Politics Congressman Michael Harrington and provided free food to undernourished marchers (Sophie Portnoy lives). Harvard's President Pusey also balked at official support of the strike; obviously the library hadn't heard. No books could be withdrawn, no-how, I was told: Scholarship was obliged to strike along with student librarians. At all the colleges, the white-pigeon banners flew over marchers trooping off to the Do. Except for imperialist-baseball-loving warmongers, everyone, we were told, would be at the Common.

Well, almost everyone; perhaps eighty thousand. However, after Harvard's senescent biologist George Wald packed them in on Cambridge Common in the morning ("It's a nice day for a Moratorium, a nice day for a march—I say, you hear me? Nice Day for This March. . . . How, you ask how, to get out of Vietnam? In ships!"), it's no wonder the masses tore themselves away and joined us over in Boston.

First, the folk-sing: "Dickie Nixon, yeah, and Spiro Ag-a-nooo/we'll show you, yeah, you're through . . ."; "They said if we left, the dirty Reds/Would take the Nam [wild cheering]/So smoke yo' grass and scram/And f--- the goddam feds." (The tunes were better.) Mayor Kevin White strutted around, beaming magisterially. I went home, three blocks away. Conversation en route: DB: "This? It's a YAF button—against the Moratorium." A pouting blonde in bells and bangles: "You're the creeps who kill; you *like* this war; you're fascists, aren't you!" Her companion, a handsome, slim boy sporting the customary Fu Manchu beard, Afro, and chains: "Those the cats, the genocide boys—y'know, kill us blacks, nuke the Chinks. Uh-huh, we know you pigs." DB: "I . . ."

AFTER LUNCH, buttonless (someone in the crowd, maybe to show his respect for dissent, had yanked it off), with flask, radio and field glasses, I returned for the hard-core stuff: First up, Professor Galbraith, lowering at us, hovering over the mike, intoning a litany of heroes: Bobby, Teddy (who was elsewhere in town, suffering withdrawal symptoms), Gene—and George, who spoke next. From afar, the beaming Senator McGovern resembles George Wallace. His finger jabs like a Kennedy's, his eyes twinkle like a butch Eleanor Roosevelt's, his cadence singsings: "*This* is *not* our *fi*nest hour; it's our *dark*est hour. If Nixon per*sists*, he'll *rue* it. . . ." My neighbor, a chubby fortyish hippie-ess in a leatherette little-nothing dress, whispered: "Oh, Christ, he's beautiful; why isn't *he* President?" Too squeezed to move, I smiled. Did I have any pot? No. Would I share some of hers, then? I was tempted; *anything* but McGovern's: "*I* served against the Nazis, but *this* is *dif*ferent. WE are *wrong*." Perfunctory nonpartisan gestures (*somewhere* there are *good* Republicans, he teased); on to Nixon's refusal to heed *vox populi*; then the ritual fade-out: "A *blood*bath is taking place—we *must get out now*." The throng was polite, but restless. "Why doesn't he s--- on this s---!" my neighbor-girl imaginatively hissed.

McGovern's speech was dull, trite, cant. "A rousing talk, a standing ovation," WBUR's "public radio" newscaster gurgled over my Sony. The sweet smell of grass; popcorn, peanuts, American flags hawked by vendors agile in side-stepping lounging kids (from eight to eighty, entertainers used to say). Nervous shuffling, until Howard Zinn, Boston U's puckish provocateur, commenced his sermon, speaking in syllables like a Philip Roth rabbi: "North Vietnam's society is *good*; we *must* leave them *alone*. We must not hunt up any more Diems—we found him, you know, in New Jersey—to *enslave* Vietnam." Zinn's voice broke, but recovered: "I don't know *where* that man [Nixon, not FDR] will go for refuge in Washington on November 15, when our hundreds of thousands, led by Coretta King and Dr. Spock . . . ." His True Believers cooed. "We've retreated from our Revolutionary heritage. America's foreign policy has been *bullying*: *destroy* the Indians, *enslave* the blacks, *crush* peasants everywhere . . . ." Zinn's congregation came alive; prickly silence, as he committed verbal harakiri: Remember the Peruvian tin miners, whom we exploit; then grape pickers, whom we starve; now back to Vietnam; shaft the military bases; skewer American capitalist imperialism; finally, a plea for money. D+, Professor, for logic; D— for history; A for enthusiasm; A+ for theatrics.

Zinn was followed on the podium by lesser-known radicals, e.g.: Peter Camejo, an hysteric facing trial in Berkeley on conspiracy charges, screamed: "*We must end this war this minute! This rotten country is ours!*" Mrs. Kay Hurley, in shades and stringy hair, Amazonian leader of Tuesday's welfare mothers' demonstration at the Boston Army Base, implored: "What about the war *here*, against poor whites and blacks? Damn Nixon!" David Ripley, beatific, beautiful, closed the day strumming peace songs.

Near me, a lovely girl wept; she wept for Zinn's portrayal of America, I guess. No one wept for South Vietnam once the Cong takes over. Who weeps for America, which must endure mindless, monstrous moratoria all fall? □

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M-DAY HEADQUARTERS

Push Button, End War

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

THE TUESDAY before the Wednesday, Moratorium headquarters in Washington looked chaotic. It was only busy. On the eighth floor of the office building it occupied at Fourteenth and Vermont, the volunteers were stuffing and licking and stamping, working, already, on the mailing for the two-day demonstration planned for November. In his office, Sam Brown, the architect of the Youth for McCarthy crusade and now of the Moratorium, was explaining to a reporter from the *Los Angeles Times* that the protest was not meant to embarrass Nixon but to build him a constituency for the only real goal of the demonstration—immediate American withdrawal from Vietnam. In another office down the hall, David Hawk, the all-American diver from Cornell and another co-chairman of the drive, was telling another reporter: "We're trying to get beyond the academic community and into the suburbs. This has basically been a grass-roots movement, all we've done from the national office is coordinate the activities. We're trying to get Americans to put pressure on their elevated officials at the local level. The guts of this thing is really community organizing."

The walls of the Moratorium offices were decorated with the "Push the Button, End the War" and "Fathers and Sons against the War" posters that once had been full-page ads in the *New York Times*. Also pasted up were the letters from thirteen-year-old girls who'd donated their allowances, as well as the notes of support from servicemen still in Vietnam. There were newspaper clippings too, the ones the office workers found encouraging—"HERSHEY FED TO PROTESTORS"; "TOM SEAVER OPPOSES WAR."

Against one of the giant doorbells (the buttons you were supposed to push to end the war), Mary Lou Oates stood that morning, another veteran of the McCarthy campaign and now the press secretary for the Moratorium committee. She was asked by an attentive newsman if this was the movement that began in the "snows of New Hampshire." "It began in Mississippi in '64," was her reply. "But we've been more successful. We've already achieved a victory; we've focused attention back on the war." Across the room at almost the same moment, John Boyles, who is the other press secretary when he is not the chaplain at Swarthmore, was saying in response to a hostile question: "I haven't given it all that much thought, but I really don't see another Hué, if we pulled out. I'm not at all sure the Vietcong would initiate a bloodbath. Anyway, what do we have now?" And in the main office, amidst the stuffers and the lickers and the stampers, "Bruce-Morton-of-CBS," as he called himself, was telling a camera and a battery of TV lights that the next day's demonstration would probably be the biggest in American history.

He was not wrong: fifty thousand in New Haven, eighty thousand in Boston, two hundred thousand in New York. The reports kept flowing into Moratorium headquarters; the newsmen were kept informed. Students on over a thousand college campuses sponsored voter canvassing efforts, and teach-ins, and readings of the list of war dead. In London, Paul Newman led a march around the American embassy; in New York City, Mayor Lindsay told a noontime crowd that America must "recapture her soul"; in Cincinnati, rabbinical students marched around the Federal Building blowing trumpets and waiting for the walls to fall; and in California, at Nixon's alma mater, Whittier College, the students set up a "flame of life," to burn until the war was over. It was not all clockwork. It poured in San Francisco; in Boston, the *Harvard Crimson* printed an embarrassing editorial which read: "It is time to declare we reject not only the methods of American intervention but the goals. The National Liberation Front has the support of the people of Vietnam. It deserves our support as well."

At the three o'clock briefing, Brown told a roomful of reporters: "Gentlemen, we cannot believe that the President will continue the war in the face of the massive outpouring we're witnessing across the country. A substantial percentage, if not the majority, of the American people oppose the continuation of this war." But when the questions began, Brown was asked by two persistent reporters to renounce, once and for all, the support of both Hanoi and domestic Communists as well. Brown's eyes blazed; he refused to meet the challenge. He seemed, at that moment, the picture of the youthful idealist, reacting angrily to the questions he thought so plainly unfair. It was easy to admire him; it was difficult to remember he was a thoroughly experienced, professional politician.

Even so, Mary McGrory, a Brown admirer, reported the next day that the questions had "rattled" Brown. Brown's reaction at the briefing was actually reflective of the counterprotest the Moratorium aroused. On the day of the demonstrations, the Citizens Committee for Peace with Security placed full-page "TELL IT TO HANOI" ads in many newspapers, while the Committee for Responsible Patriotism urged those who disagreed with the protestors to drive with their headlights on. In Washington, after dissenting students had walked out, Congressman Buz Lukens told a cheering high-school audience, "I am not a defensive American. I am, by God, proud of my country." In New York, despite Mayor Lindsay's directive, the flag stayed at full staff at Shea Stadium during the World Series game. Later Lindsay was to apologize for his order that City flags be flown at half-staff. In Philadelphia, the city buses were decorated with patriotic colors; while at Cape Kennedy hundreds of workers drove to their jobs with their headlights on.

AND THOUGH the demonstrations inspired the usual run of "Youth-with-the-Truth" articles, though "Bruce-Morton-of-CBS" managed to sound properly enthusiastic, some segments of the media were curiously unbiased. Not a few people groaned in Moratorium headquarters when, for instance, David Brinkley described the public response as "substantial but not enormous." At the end of the telecast, Sam Brown was overheard complaining, "They showed

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FRANK S. MEYER

OCT. 15, 1969 v. NOV. 5, 1968

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

It is too early to know what the effect of the Vietnam Moratorium will be in terms of its immediate impact on American policy in Vietnam. Such political action may or may not be able to subvert the orderly processes of representative constitutional decision. That rests with Mr. Nixon and the Congress and their will to defend the interests of the Republic against the ideological passions of what is—despite its high visibility, intellectual prestige and capacity for organization—a small minority.

I say a small minority and I mean a small minority, not only in terms of numbers, but in terms of its relationship to the broad consensual structure of American society. I freely grant that there is no enthusiasm for this war among the vast majority, that there is much confusion (what can one expect when not one of the three Presidents who have conducted it has ever made clear the meaning of the war in terms of our national interest and security in the century-long struggle with Communism—prating instead in social-worker language of abstractions like "guaranteeing free elections to Vietnam"?).

Nevertheless, despite the lack of leadership and the confusion, something like 1 per cent or less of the electorate (those who voted for Eldridge Cleaver and Dick Gregory and the Socialist Workers Party and their ilk) supported candidates devoted to the aims of the Moratorium in the 1968 election—the last orderly, considered, constitutional act of judgment of the American people. The aims of the Moratorium—precipitate American flight and Communist victory—were repudiated by Humphrey, Wallace and Nixon alike, the candidates who survived the due process of American procedure who between them received an almost unanimous vote.

Yet the Moratorium was a serious force. It and actions like it over the past few years are generating again the disaster that has historically destroyed polity after polity built upon the vision of order, liberty and popular participation. The democratic *polis* of Greece, republican Rome, France again and again, Russia of the February Revolution, Germany of the Weimar Republic—it is the same sad story of ambitious ideological leaders mobilizing a mob-like minority to destroy the due processes of a constitutional polity. This was the specter that brooded over the considerations of the Founding Fathers of our Republic. In perhaps the greatest feat of intellectual force combined with common sense in the political history of mankind, it was against this that they created the balanced tension of safeguards and guarantees which is the Constitution of the United States.

IN THE PAST the type of the organized extra-legal minority has been the violent mob that terrorizes, overawes, and brings down the constituted representative organs of government. Today this perennial attack takes a somewhat different form. It is true that we have had violence—a great deal of it—but, so far at least, the locus of the organized minority attack upon our institutions has not been primarily in outbreaks of violence. The structural form of the anticivilizational attack is now not primarily the violent mob, but a new and more insidious conflation of the perennial elements of destruction.

Two factors have brought this about. The first is the harvest of forty years or more of Marxist and Deweyite alienation of the intellectuals from the body of the American people, together with the emergence of the intellectuals and the universities as direct social and political powers. The second is the technological development of television. That medium is staffed by intellectual flunkies of the academic intellectuals. It has the technical capability of substituting for the reality of America, a pseudo-reality created by the intellectuals. In place, therefore, of the armed mob physically constraining the organs of government, it is possible today to create an *illusion of public opinion* to overawe constituted government, an illusion in no way reflecting the reality of the American consensus and, as often as not, in direct opposition to it.

THE FIRST full-dress exercise of this modern revolutionary technique was the massive publicity for isolated actions by small groups of people, culminating in the television histrionics of the March on Washington, which led to largely unconstitutional legislation impinging on the rights of the individual. That action, however, only bent the Constitution; it did not threaten the security of the United States.

The present, the second exercise in the assault on representative constitutional government has been escalated to a higher revolutionary level—what Lenin called "revolutionary defeatism." It is an action the only objective effect of which is to give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States.

To say that the Moratorium represented at the most a million people out of two hundred million, and is a revolutionary attack upon constitutional govnernment, is not to say that a minority is always wrong or the majority always right. It is to say that representative government is the best mode mankind has found to combine a sense of the considered consensus with deliberative judgment by elected representatives on complex issues—limited, in the American constitutional system, by broad moral-political principles. The Moratorium, the movement for which it stands, and all similar movements are, whatever their specific content, methodologically directed to the destruction of that representative constitutional system. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

FOR A CHANGE

I'VE LONG YEARNED to drape the Meek Sheep Order First Class around the necks of the people who accept gratefully the standard, lethargic and deadly boring sameness of the menus of Manhattan's tonier French restaurants. These menus are as limited as those of a roadside diner, and, like roadside diner menus, are essentially based on short-order cooking because it is easy and cheap and leaves few if any leftovers. Oh the kicks of dining on calf's liver, lamb chops, chocolate mousse and caramel cream! The thrills of veal kidneys sauté! The rapture of duck with cherries! The frenzy of sole bonne-femme! The ecstasy of coq au vin! The debauch of snails! The transport of beef bordelaise! The quiver of scampi! The throb of veal chops! And the bliss, the utter bliss, to discover that there is, yes there is, one long-cooked dish, such as roast lamb! And all of this at prices that are even more thrilling.

It is therefore with pleasure that today I report on two restaurants that have food that is different, interesting and great to eat. One of the places is the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, at 57 West 48 Street, which is in the grand manner and expensive. Here, I would take an *affaire de coeur* or *de raison* that I would hope to result in an investment, or anybody who is really interested in elegant food. The other place is Spats, at 33 West 33 Street, which is medium priced and done in the manner of the Thirties, and is excellent for company that is trendy, gay, debonair and interested in amusing food.

The tone of the Forum is opulence, to make one feel like those rich old Romans who lolled at Trimalchio's feast. For reasons of American custom and temperament, the Forum cannot provide the other amenities found at Roman feasts, but it makes up for them with the excellence of the service. Visually, the restaurant is very handsome and unfussy, with a general impression of dark red, a color that is good as a restaurant background. The lares and penates of the place are twelve enormous, Italianate portraits of twelve Caesars which hang heavily framed on the walls, looking noble. The table linens are gloriously white and starched, the glasses thin, the service plates decorated with bas-relief caesarean heads. The silver is handsome—especially the salt cellars, which tempt customers' honesty. Since they cost more than forty bucks each, they are numbered, and if they are not on the table the guest is charged for them.

The menu is indeed something to behold. The dinner one is seventeen inches tall, four pages long, printed on thick, creamy paper with a charming decorative edge. The customer can choose from 136 items, which are described for what they are, though under flossy and fanciful headings, such as Roman Ramequins called Minutals for some of the befores (one of them mousse of trout, lobster sauce), a Harvest from the Seas and Rivers (including sole with figs and almonds) for the fish course, Epicurean Trophies of the Hunt (for example, cutlet of wild boar, deviled in mustard seed and apple nuggets) for meat and so on to the middles and afters of the meal.

Among the things my friends and I have enjoyed at various times are the leek pie with sausage, the beef marrow on toast, black truffles and artichoke bottoms flamed in mustard cream, the wild mushrooms with Roman beans, seasoned with chervil and shallots, and the lobster stuffed with crabmeat. Of course the Forum has all the usual meat dishes, but they are garnished imaginatively. Eggplant, zucchini and tomato slices come with grilled Tournedos; veal scallops are wrapped in a crêpe and garnished with a julienne of leeks, ham and peppers, and then, oh joy, there is quite a lot of game, so rarely found in New York restaurants. Wild boar paté with damson plum sauce, breast of pheasant roasted with orange juice and brandy, a whole pheasant in gilded plumage, Epigrams of Venison with Truffles, and snow hare stewed in spiced red wine are some of the dishes for people who want something unusual. The Forum is a great place for flaming dishes, getting up the flames with more abandon than necessary, I think, though the customers like it. They do it for crêpes, such as those of Venus, stuffed with ginger and ice cream, and the incredibly rich and irresistible stuffed Chocolate Crêpes Triumphant. My only quarrel with the menu is the fifty cent extra charge for cheese in a dressing, and 65 extra cents for fresh fruit to go with cheese. These are undignified, I think, where entrees start around $5.95, with a pheasant for two at $17. The wine list is good and reasonably priced for a restaurant of this kind.

SPATS is decorated in a rather austere Twenties-Thirties way, with checked black and white table cloths that fit in with the *moderne* decor. Here too, the service is very good. The food is deliberately unfussy, but with imaginative touches that lift it out of the usual. There are dishes of deviled chicken legs and back ribs, peppered duck and back ribs, roast beef with onion tart, duck with peaches and among the befores, an excellent hot cream of black mushroom soup and a chilled pumpkin bisque. The desserts include a Charlotte Russe to end all Charlotte Russes, glorious and creamy beyond belief, and a marvelous frozen chocolate ball called Tartufo. And the helpings are far more than I can eat.

Both restaurants belong to Restaurant Associates, a large food combine that owns a great many restaurants in New York and elsewhere, including the Four Seasons, The Brasserie, Charley O's and Mama Leone. Not all RA establishments inspire me to praise by any means, but I must say that in all of them the firm does try to come up with new dishes that fit into the restaurant's

(Continues on page 1129)

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A Divided Being

JEFFREY HART

Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane
By John Unterecker
Farrar, $15

This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps. —At Melville's Tomb

In 1931 Hart Crane received a Guggenheim Fellowship in recognition of the fact that by the age of thirty he had established himself as a great poet through two superb volumes—*White Buildings*, a collection of lyrics, and his mythic/philosophic meditation on the meaning of America, *The Bridge*. He was the peer of Eliot, Pound and Frost. A year later he was dead.

Crane's Guggenheim year in Mexico was a fellowship year to end all fellowship years, and brought to a climax the process of his personal disintegration. In Mexico, Crane was seldom entirely sober, and often drunk and violent, the volcanic center of improbable scenes: brawls with friends, servants, cops, cabdrivers; caught *in flagrante* during homosexual acts with Indians; repeatedly jailed (once released, however, because of his forthright threats to wreck the jail). Crane's behavior even became a source of international friction between Mexico and the United States, as the Guggenheim people wrung their hands. Here, for example, combining tragedy and farce, is a report to New York from the Guggenheim office in Mexico City:

> My Dear Mr. Moe:
> I will not attempt to explain in detail the reasons for the enclosed letter. Indeed, to do justice to the matter at all would require a literary capacity which unfortunately I do not possess. I will simply say that about a week ago our friend Hart Crane went off the reservation with a bang. He managed to get himself in jail again as a prelude to a number of other difficulties which have been following thick and fast on the heels of one another and requiring the combined efforts of almost everyone in town to rescue him. It soon became apparent to all concerned, including Crane himself, that we must get the gentleman out of the country and that as soon as possible. . . . All I've got to say is that I'm going to take a good look at the new poet you are sending down here and if he doesn't present all the earmarks of what sociologists call a completely adjusted individual, I'm going to send him back to you on the next boat.

In the midst of all this, Crane, long a hyperactive homosexual, found himself in the midst of a tempestuous love affair, punctuated by his own suicide attempts, with Peggy Cowley who was in Mexico to divorce Malcolm Cowley.

Prudently, Peggy tried to get Crane to return to the United States by railroad; instead, they set sail from Vera Cruz on the *S.S. Orizaba*. The voyage was catastrophic. After a blow-up with Peggy, Crane submerged himself in alcohol. He got involved in some sort of obscure but wild escapade with the ship's crew, and was beaten up and robbed; he had to be locked in his cabin and placed under sedation. By 10 A.M. on his last day, April 27, he was drinking whiskey "copiously." Shortly before noon he appeared at Peggy Cowley's cabin unshaved and dressed in pajamas and a topcoat. "I'm not going to make it, dear," he said. "I'm utterly disgraced." She said he'd feel better if he put on some clean clothes.

At 11:58, still in pajamas and topcoat, Crane was observed walking rapidly aft. He threw the coat on the deck, climbed onto the rail, and jumped over the side. Life preservers were thrown after him, and boats were lowered. Witnesses later debated whether his hand, which appeared above the water, was clutching for a life preserver or waving goodbye.

Whether Crane intended to commit suicide it is impossible to say. The whole thing could have been a stunt, conceived by the hung-over if not drunken poet as a play for sympathy, and Crane might well have been fished out but for the intervention of a shark. Or it might have been suicide, either a melancholic whim or the inevitable result of impossible conflicts. In his moving, scholarly and beautifully written biography, John Unterecker offers no theory of his own, and even confesses that, given Crane's emotional confusion, the real man is hard to find. As one of Crane's friends remarked, there was no "cause" for Crane's suicide—other than his life.

THE STORY as Unterecker tells it has the fascination of the abomination. Crane's childhood was impossible. Grace Crane, his mother, was a monster of egotism—neurotic, selfish, cold and possessive. His father Clarence Crane, a boosterish candy manufacturer who invented Life Savers, had married her on impulse, scarcely knowing her. The household became a sort of hysterical purgatory, the mother using the child as a weapon against her husband, ever alert to any sign that he was "betraying" her cause through a hint of sympathy with his father. She even caused him to use her maiden name, Hart, instead of his given name, Harold. "I think it's time you realized," he wrote to his mother when he was twenty, "that for the last eight years my youth has been a rather bloody battleground for your's and father's sex life and troubles." Significantly enough, Crane's only approach to a normal love affair—with Peggy Cowley—came after his father's death in 1931.

Because of the domestic chaos, Crane

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left high school without graduating, and he never attended college. Arriving in New York at the age of seventeen, he lived a precarious bohemian existence, often broke, sponging on friends, working half-heartedly in ad agencies. He became increasingly obstreperous and alcoholic, voracious in his pursuit of homosexual affairs, usually with sailors. Compared with Crane, E. A. Poe and Scott Fitzgerald look like a couple of astronauts.

YET DESPITE THE SQUALOR and self-destructiveness there is another side of the Crane story: his genius. In poetry, as Unterecker shows, he had a total commitment to excellence. "I thought of him," said one acquaintance, "as the most complete artist that I had ever met." A moment ago I mentioned Scott Fitzgerald in passing, but Scott Fitzgerald is very much to the point. Both Crane and Fitzgerald were sketchily educated Midwesterners, yet they were the most naturally eloquent American writers of the twentieth century. From the beginning of their writing careers both used language as if they had invented it; or, to put it another way, language was for them a mode of liberation, of joy—rather than, as in (say) Hemingway, a mode of discipline. Both Crane and Fitzgerald are full of profound meaning as writers; and both have as a central theme the meaning of American experience; but what you see immediately is their power over words. Here is the opening paragraph of Fitzgerald's first novel, written when he was a college boy. Listen to the prose:

> Amory Blaine inherited from his mother every trait, except the stray inexpressible few that made him worthwhile. His father, an ineffectual, inarticulate man with a taste for Byron and a habit of drowsing over the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, grew wealthy at thirty through the death of two elder brothers, successful Chicago brokers, and in the first flush of feeling that the world was his went to Bar Harbor and met Beatrice O'Hara. In consequence Stephen Blaine handed down to posterity his height of just under six feet and his tendency to waver at crucial moments, these two abstractions appearing in his son Amory. For many years he hovered in the background of his family's life, an unassertive figure with a face half-obliterated by lifeless, silky hair, continually occupied in "taking care" of his wife, continually harassed by the idea that he didn't and couldn't understand her.
>
> But Beatrice Blaine! There was a woman! Early pictures taken on her father's estate at Lake Geneva. . . .

THE YOUNG WRITER who could handle language like that—"But Beatrice Blaine! There was a woman!"—would, as he developed, become capable of the extraordinary things in *Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night*. In Crane, too, the unforgettable words and phrases leap to the eye.

A beach scene:

Above the fresh ruffles of the surf
Bright striped urchins flay each other with sand.

The tropics:

The tarantula rattling at the lily's foot
Across the feet of the dead, laid in white sand
Near the coral beach

Visionary experience:

As silent as a mirror is believed
Realities plunge in silence by. . .

The Mississippi:

You will not hear it as the sea; even stone
Is not more hushed by gravity. . . But slow,
As loth to take more tribute—sliding prone
Like one whose eyes were buried long ago.

Love as gateway to the absolute:

Bind us in time, O seasons clear, and awe.
O minstrel galleons of Carib fire,
Bequeath us to no earthly shore until
Is answered in the vortex of our grave
The seal's wide spindrift gaze toward paradise.

An invocation to Brooklyn Bridge:

O Sleepless as the river under thee,
Vaulting the sea, the prairies' dreaming sod,
Unto us lowliest sometimes sweep, descend
And of the curveship lend a myth to God.

WHEN Hart Crane, the Ohio candymaker's son who never finished high school and who died when he was thirty-one, was writing well, one thinks, with no jolt of disproportionateness, of Shakespeare and Marlowe. Between his life and his art there was indeed a disproportion, and such a divided being needs two epitaphs. For one, Dorothy Thompson's farewell to Fitzgerald will do: "The poor son-of-a-bitch." But we should also end with Ivor Winters: "I would gladly emulate Odysseus, if I could, and go down to the shadows for another hour's conversation with Crane on the subject of poetry." □

RANDOM NOTES

■ ODDMENTS: Anne Morrow Lindbergh is back in the impressionistic essay business. *Earth Shine* is two originally done for *Life*, now redone and expanded—one about African wildlife, the other about a moon mission takeoff from Cape Kennedy (Harcourt, $5.75). . . . Robert K. Murray's *The Harding Era* is an exercise in revisionism: seems Harding's Administration wasn't so bad after all (U. of Minnesota, November, $13.50). . . . *Clemens of the Call* is more than two hundred bits of reportage that Sam Clemens wrote during his newspaper days in San Francisco (U. of California, November, $8.50). . . . *The Third Book of Criticism* is a collection Randall Jarrell never got around to finishing; it's out now with several essays, two never before published (Farrar, $6.95).

Selected Poems of Herman Melville is being edited by Robert Penn Warren, with a long analysis (Random House, spring). . . . Renata Adler has two books: *A Year in the Dark*, reviews from her stint (ended, alas) as the *N.Y. Times* film critic, and *Toward a Radical Middle*, her reports and criticism from the *New Yorker* (Random House, November, $5.95 each). . . . Ernest van den Haag has written *The Jewish Mystique*; Leo Rosten contributes an introduction (Stein & Day, November, $5.95).

■ WAR IS BOOKS: A new series starts in October: "The Military Lives," edited by Col. T. N. Dupuy. First twelve titles include Alexander the Great, Hitler, Lincoln, Genghis Khan etc. (Watts, $3.95 each). Col. Dupuy and the other Col. Dupuy (R. E.) have compiled *The Encyclopedia of Military History*, large and lavishly illustrated (Harper, November, $14.95 to December 31, $17.50 after). . . . *The World's Great Regiments* by Vezio Melegari has all of them, past and present, in glorious color (Putnam, October, $22.50 to December 31, $25 after).

In *Iron Coffins*, Herbert Werner, former U-boat commander and now an American citizen, tells all about submarine warfare in WWII (Holt, $6.95). . . . Arco offers another reprint, the 1898 (and first) edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships* ($14.95). . . . Ronald Clark's *The Bomb That Failed* speculates, fictionally, about what would have happened had there been no Hiroshima (Morrow, $4.95).

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An Ideology in Power: Reflections on the Russian Revolution
By Bertram D. Wolfe
Stein and Day, $10

THE DURABLE DESPOTISM

GERHART NIEMEYER

"Bertram Wolfe continues the study he began in *Three Who Made a Revolution*," says the publisher's press release. Well, almost but not quite. In terms of time, this book does deal with Communism after 1917, which marks the end of *Three Who Made a Revolution*; but that book was a single compact treatise, while the present book consists of 25 essays, written at various times between 1941 and today, and grouped rather loosely in six parts. Astonishingly, they add up to a whole, which covers its subject and is centered around a number of basic interpretive principles.

The most important of these maintains that Communist regimes are beset with "permanent illegitimacy," to which Wolfe adds what he calls the principle of the "diminishing dictators." The point goes to the very core of the Communist problem. To take the minor thesis first, Wolfe means not that successive Communist rulers wield power with diminishing despotism, but rather that successive despots come in smaller and smaller sizes of human and political stature, "over the ultimate outcome of whose diminution we must puzzle at the present moment." The major thesis states the troubling truth about Communism that liberals find it beyond themselves to acknowledge. Not only "find," but have always found. Wolfe quotes the diary of a leading liberal expert on Soviet affairs who in 1922 greeted Lenin's NEP with the remark: "Our troubles with Bolshevism are over." All the facts, however, point in the direction of Wolfe's conclusion, that a Communist regime is not a government comparable to other governments, that it has never found a legitimate foundation, and that its illegitimacy is endemic to the ideology and the Communist view of reality flowing from it.

Wolfe finds in 1917 "the great ideological divide" between "those who accepted, as did both the Provisional Government and the first Soviet, the idea that tne government was provisional and prelegitimate and must aim to establish a new democratic legitimacy," and those others who "were determined, following Lenin, to establish a dictatorship." That dictatorship broke not only with the autocracy, but also with the legitimacy of freedom and, indeed, with the Russian tradition, the people, the Christian religion and the continuity of the state. It has never linked the regime of the Communist Party to any source of legitimacy which in the nature of things would lie beyond and above the Party, but rather has consistently refused to look on itself as a part of an overarching political existence.

The Communist Party considers itself the whole, and treats the state as a mere part playing its role among the various instruments that the Party uses to manipulate the masses. This is well established in Communist ideology and practice. It is so axiomatic that when the Czech Communist Party decided to place itself within and underneath the whole of the state and there to become a part of the political system side by side with other parts, Moscow found this particular step totally unacceptable and decided to intervene. It is clear that Wolfe's point can be supported in many ways, from historical events to ideological statements to legal and administrative practices to relations between the Party and the people subject to it.

Unfortunately, Wolfe does not systematically cover this wide terrain, and thus occasionally falls into inconsistencies that threaten the thesis. Thus when he speaks of the Communist Party as a "state party," created by and for the state, he obscures the very point he wants to make. All the same, this point, even without fully adequate support, stands as a landmark in contemporary writing about Communism. Wolfe nowhere enters into a critical examination of the Communist ideology, and at one point even plays down the role of the ideology by asserting—to be sure with regard to the French Revolution—that "revolutions [*sic*] create their ideologies in torrents only after the fact. . . ." This, of course, is demonstrably untrue about the Russian Revolution and even only partially true about the French Revolution, which had its Mesliers and Morellys, its Diderots and d'Alemberts and Mablys long before 1789.

Much of what Wolfe says later about the Communist ideology refutes this all too sweeping sentence, and he himself sees the necessity of moving toward a refutation of the Communist ideology in offering a reinterpretation of both the French and the Russian revolutions. The French Revolution was not a bourgeois revolution, as Marx saw it, but a resistance movement of the nobility to the policies of a court that had bankrupted the nation. The Russian Revolution toppled an autocracy "without an autocrat," stopped a movement of rapid reform and industrialization which had increased Russia's productivity faster than that of Germany, and came not as a result of defeat. Russia, indeed, won all of the three or four interlocking wars in which she was engaged between 1914 and 1917 except one, and it was "not collapse on the front that brought on the fall of Tsarism, but the fall of the Tsar that carried in its train a collapse on the fronts." Furthermore, the revolution was not a proletarian movement at all. Wolfe rejects the textbook thesis of the "two powers" (the Provisional Government and the Soviets), and sees as decisive a third power, the *stikhiia*, the elemental groundswell of a popular mood not represented by either of those two, but all the same a great power which Lenin perceived and exploited for his coming to power.

WOLFE CALLS HIMSELF a "free-lance writer on totalitarianism and Soviet affairs." His methods are mostly those of the historian, even though he takes, among historians, the part of the revisionist. There are certain weaknesses as regards his other methods. Thus, while he refers to ideology he gives scant philosophical attention to it; he pronounces moral judgments but mainly on commonsense grounds. At some points his structures therefore seem to begin in midair. Much of his blame for Communism falls on Lenin, and it seems to fall on Lenin's personality alone. Lenin was the "great splitter," the "selfless egoist," who objectively attributed absolute truth always to himself alone so that "wherever Lenin and two or three were gathered together, there was Bolshevism." Lenin was the man inclined to violence who always sought to cut every knot by the sword. The phenomenon, Lenin, remains enigmatic.

But in another context Wolfe asks the question which he does not raise when thus dealing with Lenin. In a conversation with Kerensky, the latter pleaded that in the summer of 1917 he could not do anything about Lenin

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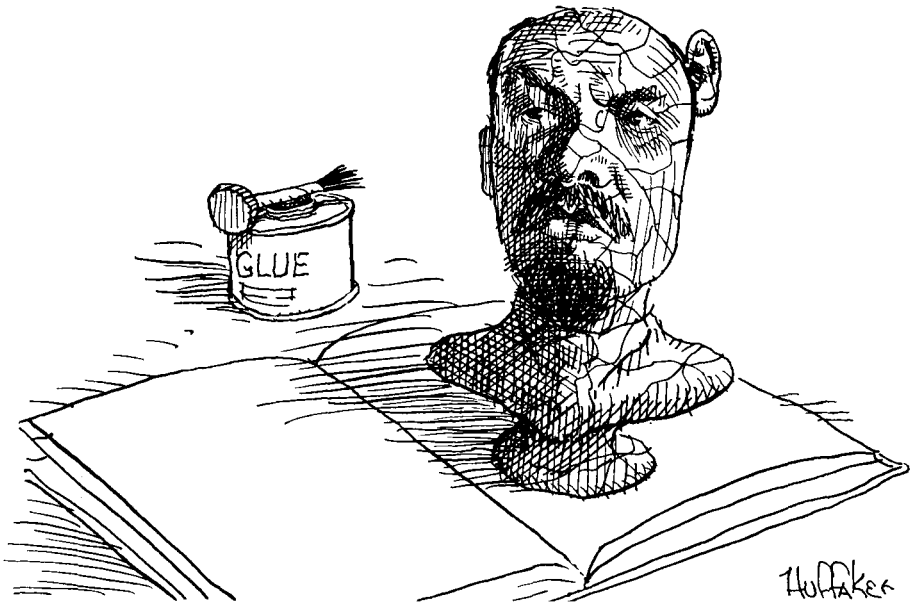

because he had no force at his disposal. Correct, says Wolfe. "But we must ask the further questions: From what ideology did it spring that there was no serious attempt to build up an administrative machine and that a Lvov was appointed to the Ministry of the Interior and then never once asked to report on what he was doing to set up a machinery of order and administration?" *This* question Wolfe answers unambiguously: it was the liberal ideology, which always leaves an "opening to the Left" and always looks for the enemy exclusively on the Right. But should the same question not also have been asked about the decisive turns of Communist rule? Why Lenin's and the subsequent Communists' ubiquitous distrust "of all social orders of society" and indeed of the entire world around them? Why Lenin's exclusive emphasis on organization? Why the decision to establish a dictatorship? Why the unprecedented enslavement of the human mind in Russia and China? Why the mismanagement of agriculture? To all these questions Bertram Wolfe gives an answer only in terms of pejorative conclusions, moral judgments without causal analysis, attitudes rather than reasons.

Let these few critical remarks not take away from his achievement. This is a fascinating, informative, penetrating book chockful of hard-to-find information, of new insights and unexpected juxtapositions. Without any hesitation I shall assign it to my graduate students. Wolfe's loyal readers, among whom I count myself, though are still waiting, nay pleading, for *the* sequel to *Three Who Made a Revolution.* □

FICTION

Mirrors
By Lucy Warner *Knopf, $4.95*

Nude Croquet
By Leslie A. Fiedler
Stein & Day, $5.95

The Seeking
By Robert S. Elegant
Funk & Wagnalls, $6.95

OVER-TOLD, HALF-TOLD, WELL-TOLD

GUY DAVENPORT

The short stories of Miss Warner and Prof. Fiedler make so violent a contrast that to read them at once, as I have had to do, causes dyspepsia and burning eyes. Prof. Fiedler has always inspired me with the notion that reading is after all an unnatural way of spending one's time, and that scribbling reviews is an even odder business. These queasy uncertainties quite possibly arise from the way Prof. Fiedler abuses the art of telling a story. First of all, he makes certain that what he tells is as far from a story as one can get. There is no plot; there are no characters that one can see in one's imagination; and, triumph of triumphs over what one would think was utterly impossible, there is no style. It *is*, of course, impossible not to have a style. Yet Prof. Fiedler has managed to have none. How he does it is something of a mystery.

The story-teller's style usually inheres in the pace of his narrative, the selection of significant images, and the assumed tone of voice which entices us into the story, assures us of its coherence, and establishes the mode of understanding with which we are allowing ourselves to become involved. Prof. Fiedler cares for none of this. His tone is always a kind of surly growl; the pace of his stories is epileptic, now fast and raucous, now as stalled as a power failure. Far from enticing us into a story, he seems to be unaware that he has an audience at all. There are writers who have managed to be turgid, lumpy, and constantly wandering—D. H. Lawrence and James T. Farrell come to mind—and yet have held the attention of large audiences. But they had something to say: sharp outlines could be discerned in the confusion. What the import of Prof. Fiedler's stories might be has eluded me until I have given up. The story "Nude Croquet" seemed to be years ago a triumph of pointlessness; its obscurity seems to have darkened in the interval. And yet his stories are clearer than his novels which are middens of slovenliness wrecked upon bombast. The man cannot lower his voice. Nor can he think of anything for his characters to do, so that they are left to swear, drink and vomit, without authorial discipline.

There is, however, at the very end of this collection of stories, a story which one can scarcely believe is the work of Prof. Fiedler. It is a fantasy that so far excels all his other endeavors in fiction that one can only hope that he will give us more like it. "The Dancing of Reb Hershl with the Withered Hand" is a story of great imagination and control, and the only fiction, to my knowledge, in which Prof. Fiedler admits that man is not always a victim of his own stupidity and pride.

Miss Warner speaks in this first collection of her stories with a voice so quiet and so meticulous that it almost isn't there. If Prof. Fiedler's prose reminds us of hot lava, Miss Warner's is something like a finely strung spider's web. Her special study is of the spiritually dispossessed and the homeless. Her stories do not have plots; they flow evenly and quietly through modes of uninterrupted anguish until a particular flavor of distress is posited. Her characters scarcely emerge into definition; they are all like figures seen through a wet windowpane, and their actions and memories are equally indistinct. A touch so frail and half-felt

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is as questionable as the thunder and pummeling of Prof. Fiedler, and almost as unnerving. Still, hers is a splendid talent, though I recommend that you enjoy the freedom of the common reader denied the reviewer, and read no more than one of her stories a week. All at a go, their thinness whizzes into complete transparency, and you wonder if you've read anything at all.

BETWEEN these two extremes it is a joy to find the substantial, well modulated prose of Mr. Elegant, whose novel is as accomplished as one could ask. Mr. Elegant, an Asian expert who lives in Hong Kong, where he is Chief of Bureau of the *Los Angeles Times,* has written extensively about China, and has written novels before. *The Seeking* is a strange work: both history and fiction, and far-fetched enough in its time and setting as to be astonishing page by page not only for its tale of adventure but for the impact of its detailed account of a culture and people utterly remote from our previous attention.

Mr. Elegant's exotic novel is about those barbarians who have wandered about Mongolia and China from time unknown and who, for reasons still not wholly clear, descended on the Roman Empire at the beginning of the Christian Era and conquered all of Europe in an amazingly short time. His novel is not about the invasions, but about the kind of nomadic warfare that eventually led the hordes into Europe. Yakir, a Kamardolian, is Mr. Elegant's imaginary narrator. Through his eyes we see the primitive ritual that forms the structure of his story—an army following the free wandering of a sacred horse.

Barbaric life in all its peculiarity has never been quite so gorgeously and convincingly imagined in English literature before, and only Gibbon himself records quite so much wildly strange doings among the Asiatic tribes. Stripped of its costumes, the plot is still an original one, and may (for all I know) have a source in Oriental literature. The imagining of a way of life radically different from our own in a disciplined and historical manner comes into literature with Flaubert's *Salammbô,* was instantly imitated, but has never been equaled except by Thomas Mann in the *Joseph* novels. Like *Salammbô, The Seeking* frequently sinks into its historical research, and we feel from time to time that we are leafing through the *National Geographic* rather than reading a novel.

But novel it is, and an excellent one. If Mr. Elegant's characters and their motivations seem outrageous, that is because he has succeeded in freeing himself from the Western point of view in which we are trapped, and which, if it had been imposed on the dark and unheard-of doings of his plot, would have ruined it all. Reality always outreaches received notions of romance, and the one risk Mr. Elegant runs is to have his beautifully wrought antiquity mistaken for so much made-up tushery. In any case, it is pleasant to have a gloriously raging, unblushing romance. It restores one's hope that novelists have not utterly forgotten what good stories are made of. □

The Power Game
Edited by Clay Felker
Simon & Schuster, $5.95

WHO'S MINDING SHOP IN NYC?

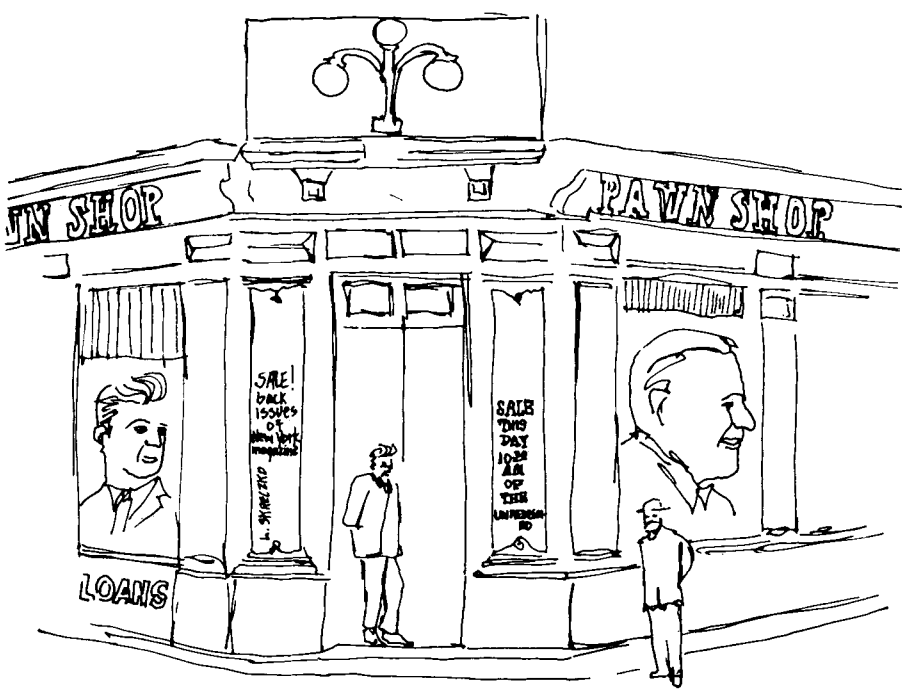
CHRISTOPHER NICHOLS

My dictionary defines "power" as a "position of ascendancy: ability to compel obedience; control . . ." New York, the focal point of these essays by the gang of swinging journalists down at *New York* Magazine, may be the best and worst place to study such phenomena. It's a definitive seat of power, all right, but as a total construct it is neither ascending, compelling much obedience nor in terribly good control. In fact, the belief spreads that such an awesome urban sprawl isn't run by men of power at all, but runs them: they fight like hell just to keep the whole business from tumbling down on their heads.

These are the beleaguered souls who interest Clay Felker, who exercises his editorial power at *New York* Mag. Felker says he got seriously interested in "the power game" long before the *Trib* folded, when years ago he noticed an unfamiliar name on a guest list for a party thrown for Winston Churchill on the yacht Stavros Niarchos lent the PM to sail to the 79th Street boat basin. The name was Harry Haggerty, a v.p. on the loan committee of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., which, Felker lets out, "controls the largest pool of private investible capital in the world." Dum-Da-Dum-Dum!

Thus: *The Power Game*, a compendium of clout by the tattersall *New York* Mag gang—from insurance to good ESA (Eastern Socially Acceptable) accents and including club memberships, executive airplanes, the "right" schools, an editorial slot on the *New York Times*, snooty digs ("the power to exclude"), auto telephones—you name it. All these articles presumably appeared in Felker's magazine, and one suspects only the headlines have been changed to seduce the innocent.

There is Jimmy Breslin being Jimmy ("They drank with their hats on and folded *Wall Street Journal*s under their elbows . . ."), Gloria Steinem being so Gloria ("Marrying for power is slightly more involved than marrying for money



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and doesn't get boring nearly as fast . . ."). There's Tom Wolfe tomming hell out of us ("Here she is with her Twiggy eyes, Eve Nelson curly look, a wool-jersey mini from Plymouth's, patent-leather pseudo-Guccis from A. S. Beck . . .") and Ralph Schoenstein being his brand of funny ("As darkness descends on the city, a black limousine with a high aerial and a low license speeds north to its rendezvous . . .").

IT'S SUCH COMFORTABLE READING, so reassuring, things you knew but never quite knew, a sort of pseudo-McLuhanist "How-to" clutch of insights and impressions. But darker strains intrude. Pete Hamill is very un-Pete in his essay on "Working Class Power": "John Lindsay has made a number of bad moves as mayor of this town, but the alienation of the white lower-middle class might have been the worst." Hamill almost seems as unfamiliar as Harry Haggerty when he writes: "With the exception of James T. Farrell, no major American novelist has dealt with the working-class white man, except in war novels. Our novelists write about bullfighters, migrant workers, screenwriters, psychiatrists, failing novelists, homosexuals, advertising men, gangsters, actors, politicians, drifters, hippies, spies and millionaires . . . we have yet to see an Oscar Lewis-style book called, say, *The Children of Flaherty*."

His roster of literary preoccupation is somehow apt: these are the powerful personalities in New York, though this serves as a blistering definition of the word "power." Nicholas Pileggi says men of power are "the kind of men who answer bedside telephones while making love"—probably to Gloria Steinem's sort of reader. Former Tammany leader Edward Costikyan names names at least: Harry Van Arsdale, Theodore Kheel, William J. Ronan, John V. Lindsay (who he?), Earl Brydges, David Rockefeller, John B. Oakes (if you can't peg him, you're beyond help), Rhody McCoy, Albert Shanker.

Gus Tyler, assistant prez of the ILGWU, believes that "New York political pluralism is a reflex of its power pluralism" and remarks that when Lindsay denounced "the power brokers" he was discarding the "glue" that holds New York together, repudiating *Realpolitik* for *Hochpolitik*. Lindsay himself weighs in with a breezy snippet about how boring it is for someone of his calibre to do all the fecksome PR things a mayor must do. As for power, he says: "The name of the game is not so much power as self-defense." Hmm.

The Power Game, I must confess, failed to excite me. You can almost see Felker reviewing old issues of *New York* and thinking, "now let's see, how could we make this relate to power . . .?" Those eager folk who will read this socio-political casserole will find out little substantive about power but a great deal about Clay Felker's New York. Power is a tough subject and doesn't yield readily to swinging journalism, and there's a whole different country out there moored to New York, bobbing gently in the backwash, braving the cultural hurricanes out of the East. But this book's not about that. □

MOVIES

WHAT IS A CATHOLIC FILM?

FARLEY CLINTON

Some years ago Mrs. Patrick Campbell went backstage after Katherine Cornell's opening in a not very well chosen vehicle called *Dishonored Lady*. For some minutes she flung herself about the tense little dressing room, insufferably cheerful and gay, until Alexander Wollcott entered; whereupon she said, "Oh, Mr. Wollcott, you're a great critic, tell me who *should* have played *Dishonored Lady*?" This anecdote is brought to mind by consideration of a disgusting film called *The Shoes of the Fisherman*. All in all, *that* defies comment. But it does raise the question, "Has there *ever* been a good film about Catholicism?"

As a matter of fact, there have been a few. A few. None of these, as it happens, except the very beautiful adaptation of *The Subject Was Roses*, was made in Hollywood, or by Hollywood. Perhaps one should not even count that lonely, apparent exception. For *The Subject Was Roses* was originally a play, and it is one of those plays which was transcribed from the stage with hardly a change. Frank Gilroy, who wrote it, wrote his own screenplay, and it was filmed in New York.

It is only too clear why Hollywood could not resist producing this particular drama, for it is an uncannily accurate representation—a photograph, let us say—of the sort of Irish-Americans who between 1935 and 1955 made the Legion of Decency a sobering reality on the horizon of every producer in California. They are a sufficiently large bloc of the national movie-going public for a producer to fret about and, occasionally, if he can, to flatter. But *The Subject Was Roses* is an Irish Catholic *Glass Menagerie*, or *Member of the Wedding*, or *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and its very truthfulness and subtlety may be inconsistent with wide acceptance. Does the average Irishman read *Ulysses*? And Synge and O'Casey had their troubles. It is an Irish trait to adore the theater, but it seems a shocking breach of convention that the theater should be made a vehicle for telling the truth about the Irish. I doubt that Eugene O'Neill would have won much acclaim if he had depended entirely on the movie-going audience which might recognize itself in *The Subject Was Roses*.

A FEW YEARS AGO Mr. Leo McCarey made something called *The Bells of St. Mary's*, which inspired John McCarten to say in the pages of the *New Yorker* something which touches on the whole question of religion in the American film. "Mr. McCarey," he observed, "seems to view the Roman Catholic Church, which is quite a formidable and venerable institution, as a kind of settlement house where good works and jollity provide a lively substitute for religion." This is precisely the unreal assumption which has inspired, season after season, such slop as *Sally and Saint Ann* (in which Ann Blyth prayed to Saint Ann), *When in Rome* (in which Van Johnson and Paul Douglas played priests), *The Miracle of the Bells* (in which Frank Sinatra played a priest), *Becket* (in which Richard Burton played a priest), *The Cardinal* (in which Tom Tryon played a priest), *Boys Town* (in which Spencer Tracy played a priest), *Satan Never Sleeps* (in which Clifton Webb played a priest), *The Left Hand of God* (in which Humphrey Bogart played a priest), and, of course, *The Shoes of the Fisherman* (in which Anthony Quinn plays a priest, and Oscar Werner plays a theologian). All these movies were trash, and I most deliberately include Burton's curiously un-Catholic portrayal of the great martyr of Canterbury, and of each of them one might say what McCarten said of *The Bells of St. Mary's*: "Bing Crosby saunters

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through this picture as a devout Mr. Fixit."

By a Catholic film I understand one that reflects human behavior as modified, more or less, by the spiritual realities of Catholicism, by a greater or lesser faith in those realities. I think *The Subject Was Roses*, or the film of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*, or the early masterpieces of Federico Fellini (*The Nights of Cabiria, La Strada* and, above all, *I Vitelloni*) do reflect a Catholic experience. And there is an even better reflection of it in the French-Canadian masterpiece about provincial life, *Isabel*, which is not the notorious lesbian epic *Therese and Isabelle* but a perfect, a brilliant picture of a Mademoiselle Bovary in Quebec. It is a dazzling film, about ghosts, about incest, about doom, about the passage of time in the empty innocent countryside, so absurd, so horrible a background for evil and doomed human lives.

That there are human beings who are obsessed by religion, and that Roman Catholicism has a curious attraction for any number of apparently irreligious people, are facts of life which may not be mentioned in the works of Southern California, even in those movies with Van Johnson or Humphrey Bogart which aim at the commercial exploitation of the large American audience in which these facts are verified. So Catholicism is taken more seriously, presented more accurately, in non-Hollywood films about bad or apostasized Catholics than in Hollywood films about priests.

THERE IS one real master who has made very great Catholic films, and that is Luis Buñuel. *Viridiana* was a masterpiece, and an extraordinarily orthodox masterpiece, but *Nazarin* is one of the mountain peaks, one of the highest points the cinema has ever touched. *Nazarin* is a better film than *Grand Illusion* or *The Passion of Jeanne d'Arc* or *The Bicycle Thief* or *Potemkin*. In the *New Yorker* Penelope Gilliatt, who has misunderstood every film she has ever reviewed, surpassed her own previous performances by proclaiming that *Nazarin* was anti-Catholic.

Whatever Buñuel's private opinions, the priest he has drawn in *Nazarin* is very real, and very holy; and his holiness is utterly rooted in, and inseparable from, his absolutely orthodox Spanish Catholic faith and his priesthood. It is the picture of a priest which St. John of the Cross, or Cardinal Ottaviani, might have drawn; the picture of a saint whom the Roman Congregations might canonize. As Pauline Kael has observed, the English don't know much about movies at all, and the large number of fiascos being turned out by Hollywood at the moment is not unrelated to the increasing use of English directors. Anyhow, *Nazarin* cannot be judged by English Protestant standards; one must have recourse to Spanish and Catholic ones, to judge whether or not it is anti-Catholic.

THERE WAS a very good French movie a few years ago, *Leon Morin Priest*, a very intelligent film, which recounted the conversion by a lonely priest in the French provinces of an unbelieving woman, with several illegitimate children, and involved in a lesbian attraction and in Communist politics. It is the only film I've seen in which a climactic scene recorded the heroine reading a work of theology (Karl Adam's *The Christ of Catholicism*). Once converted, she tried to seduce the priest; but he got away from her, got himself transferred by the authorities; she never saw him again. She was left with a sense of loss, and with the Faith. Evidently it is felt that even nowadays, with the alleged change in the American Catholic atmosphere, the churchgoers of this country would not accept this film. But I think it will get here eventually. It deserves to be seen. The role of the priest is played by Jean-Paul Belmondo. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FALSE START IN AFRICA, *by René Dumont (Praeger, $7.50, paperback* $2.95). In 1962, at the euphoric outset of the "Decade of Development," as the UN unprophetically dubbed the Sixties, Professor Dumont, the world-renowned leftist agronomist, published his blunt *L'Afrique Noire est Mal Partie*. It was belatedly translated into English in its second edition in 1966 and published in this country by Praeger; it is now being republished, in both cloth and paperback, in a revised edition, the "revision" consisting of Professor Dumont's 1969 postscript, which, however, speaks volumes in roughly two pages and records an even starker judgment than his title: ". . . I knew too li''le about history or about African sociology and psychology to be able to do a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work. Consequently, I overestimated pre-colonial civilization and underestimated the problems of development. Africa must simultaneously learn to use writing and money, the plow and the centralized state (which Asia has known for a long time), while striving to grapple effectively with the Industrial Revolution." His charges against the new African élites of corruption and incompetence are well-founded; his drastic remedy is to advocate a " 'Night of August 4th' [the reference is to 1789 in France], achieving the abolition of the new privileged class." He does not say who would then constitute his self-denying, dedicated cadre, to go into the villages to teach, to instruct the peasants in agriculture, and to whip up enthusiasm for "volunteer labor," i.e. forced labor without pay. The hapless peasantry, he seems surprised to find, is skeptical about such "labor investments" for an ill-defined "national progress." None of this, of course, detracts from his expertise as an agronomist; his technical advice cannot be faulted.

E. B. MEYER

CAPTAIN SWING, *by Eric Hobsbawm and George Rudé (Pantheon, $7.95)*. For every fifty who have heard of Captain Lud and his followers, the Luddites, who sought to hold back the Industrial Revolution by smashing machinery and threatening (even on occasion taking) lives in the north of England during the Napoleonic wars, there are perhaps one or two who have heard of Captain Swing and his followers, who twenty years later sought to stay the progress of agricultural change in southern and eastern England by the same methods. Two eminent historians of social unrest have combined their efforts to produce, in this book, the fullest history yet of the English agricultural uprising of 1830. That they are sympathetic to the followers of Swing may be seen by some as a strength and others as a weakness of the book; but their sympathy has little to do with their conclusions, and it is in their conclusions that the book's importance (above and beyond its self-contained importance as a work of scholarship) lies. Specifically, they conclude that the "core of the whole 'Swing' movement" was "the breaking of threshing machines"—in other words, despite its agricultural setting, this was an uprising of laborers against machines—that the movement was essentially traditionalist and non-ideological in nature, a last gasp of old England (which of course fits in with the men against machines *motif*); and that its aftermath was felt more in the polarization of English society than in the punishment of specific individuals. Perhaps I may be forgiven if I see the current student revolution as much the same sort of thing, radical in appearance certainly, but essentially motivated by a longing to smash the machines and stand up as men in a simpler world. But that is an aside. The book deserves reading on its own, as well as for what it can contribute to an understanding of the present age.

J. C. LOBDELL

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ROSTOW
(cont. from p. 1114)

a frivol we can discard because it is costly, or because we want to concentrate on social reform at home. We won't have much elbow room for social progress at home if we have to become a garrison state, isolated in a world of hostility or chaos. In carrying out our foreign policy, from Berlin to Korea and South Vietnam, we are not performing acts of charity for foreigners, but protecting national interests of the United States. No American troops should ever be sent into the field for any other reason.

The national security interest of the United States in the politics of a small, unstable and dangerous world is not economic, or imperialist, or aggressive. It is an interest vital to our hope of surviving as an open democratic society at home. I agree with Senator Fulbright that our national interest in world politics is an interest in securing and stabilizing an open world society, a society of wide horizons, flexible and responsive to human needs, hospitable to a variety of social systems, but sustained by the discipline of peace.

The only possible foundation for such a society is a balance of power, and the general acceptance of agreed limits on national conflict, as embodied in the Charter of the United Nations.

I do not believe that the chances of concord in this sense would be improved if American treaties lost their deterrent power.

MESSRS. Brewster and Lee want to get on with the job of social reform at home. So do I. We hardly lack resources for the task. The economy is growing at the rate of more than $40 billion a year. And our tax rate is less now than it was at the time of Korea. What we lack is a generally shared intellectual perception of the world as it is, and an emotional acceptance of that reality. Messrs. Brewster and Lee speak of Americans as "confused and divided." So we are. Our problem is a conflict within our minds between reality and our collective memory of our formative years as a nation, when we lived in isolation from world politics, protected by the British fleet.

It is natural for Americans to yearn for the effortless security of the nineteenth century. Those who wish to translate nostalgia into policy forget

(Continues on page 1129)

A message to all members of Congress about guerrilla warfare in America

The bloody clashes during the Democratic Convention in Chicago in August, 1968, represent an important turning point in the history of the United States. They were the start of deliberate, planned guerrilla warfare against the free political process in America.

I believe that the underlying meaning and menace of the Chicago riots have yet to be brought out. For this reason, at a press conference in Chicago on August 26, I publicly called for a full-scale Congressional investigation of what actually took place in Chicago. The American people must be alerted to the presence of a dedicated, revolutionary minority, using assassination, social disorders, and violence to weaken the social fabric of the United States.

A new investigation is essential, because:

- The Walker Report is totally inadequate and one-sided. It makes the major mistake of confusing legitimate dissent with deliberate acts of provocation intended to precipitate a political riot.
- We desperately need to learn from the mistakes of Mayor Daley and the Chicago police. The Mayor showed little understanding of the conspiracy he was up against, and had no intelligent strategy to meet it. Some police, by their provoked fury, played directly into the hands of the intellectual thugs and hoodlums of the New Left--one of whose aims was to get heads bloodied for television.
- The role of the mass media should be thoroughly looked into. With their search for excitement, and their built-in bias in favor of demonstrators, the media tended to tailor their coverage in a manner that reflected hostility toward the city of Chicago and Mayor Daley. The rioters knew they could count on the media--and used them, deliberately and skillfully.

My new book, COUNTDOWN TO CHAOS, explores the Chicago riots in detail. It names the leaders responsible--and offers some informed predictions about the next stages of the program for the destruction of the American political process. And it offers an alternative.

I shall make every effort --with the assistance of the American public--to place a copy in the hands of every U.S. Senator and Representative. I urge all of you to read COUNTDOWN TO CHAOS--and to act upon its urgent warning.

Jeffrey St. John

Author of COUNTDOWN TO CHAOS

To: Jeffrey St. John
c/o Nash Publishing, Dept. NR
9255 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, Cal. 90069

☐ I agree with your view of the Chicago riots, and support your demand for a full-scale Congressional investigation. I will write my Congressman.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[HENRY] HAZLITT:
INCOME WITHOUT WORK

A sweeping subsidization of idleness, such as is proposed by the guaranteed income, would . . . weaken or destroy all incentive to effort, not only on the part of those who were subsidized and supported, but on the part of those who would be forced to support them out of their own earnings.

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ROSTOW
(cont. from p. 1127)

that the British fleet can protect us no longer. Yet they urge a withdrawal of our forces from Asia, Europe and the Mediterranean; a "re-examination" of our commitments; and the abolition or severe reduction of foreign aid. How an American President could retain non-nuclear options in such a posture is never explained. How such a policy could prevent the waves of fear and panic that lead men to feel suffocated, and to strike out, is not apparent. Nor is it explained how this policy differs from that of classic American isolation, which failed to prevent both World Wars.

A balance of power is the only conceivable foundation for peace. The system which kept the general peace between 1815 and 1914 has vanished. If a new balance is to be attained and secured—and that balance, I repeat, defines our national interest in world politics—we shall have to continue to take the lead in doing so: the pressure against equilibrium is now stronger, more diverse and more difficult to control than was the case in the late Forties.

The anguish over Vietnam should be seen in this perspective. And in that perspective, I conclude, a policy of unilateral withdrawal would be more dangerous to American security than the patient, steady course we pursued in Korea. □

DELECTATIONS
(cont. from p. 1118)

ambiance, and keeps at it. Credit for the imaginative food goes not only to management, but also to James Beard, their consultant, who has forgotten more about food than most experts ever knew. RA also have an enormous plus to my mind. They care about the service in a way that most of New York's flossy French restaurants would do well to imitate, proving that, whatever the aforesaid French restaurants say, it is possible to achieve good service, even in New York. □

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DOLAN
(cont. from p. 1116)

only kids. They showed all the counter-protest, as if it's even. They didn't give crowd figures."

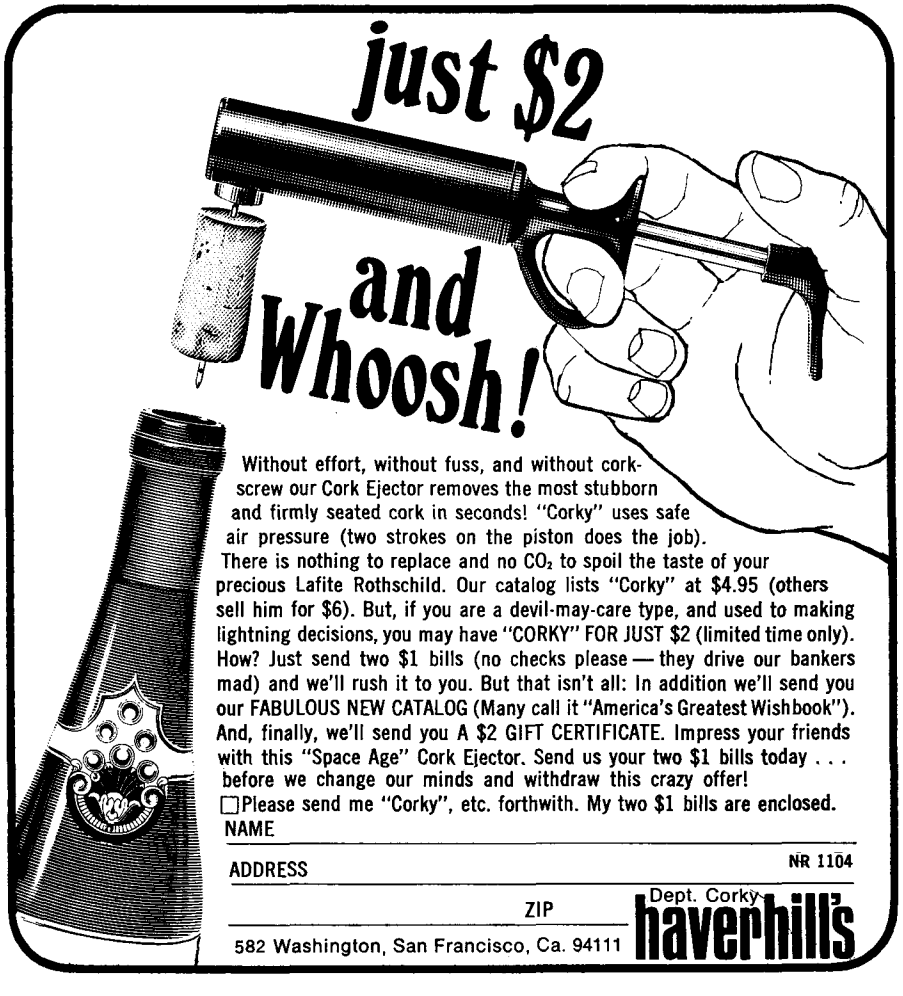
Even Mrs. King's speech at the Washington Monument, delivered in those slow deliberate tones reminiscent of her husband's speaking style, and the candlelight march she led around the White House had their impact somewhat dulled by the news that Henry Kissinger was, at the time, sitting in the White House basement reading by himself while the President was upstairs alone in his office working on his Latin American policy.

But it may well have been Tuesday evening's abortive all-night House session that best indicated the success the Moratorium enjoyed, as well as the elements of counter-protest it aroused. The doves in the House had planned an antiwar gangbang lasting through the night, but the Republican leadership managed to put together enough votes for adjournment.

Outside, the students had gathered on the center steps at the east front of the Capitol. They were singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," "Blowin' in the Wind" and the other peace songs. One of them, whose hair was not that long, periodically led the "Give me a P" cheer and ended it always with a wave of his arms as the crowd chanted, faster and faster, "Peace Now/Peace Now/Peace Now." The weather was brisk enough, but not really cold. The wind was easily heard in the trees. The girls were pretty too. It was autumn, but those who looked instinctively for the cheerleaders did so in vain.

James Scheuer from New York spoke to the students. He told them: "I hope and pray the President will be sensitive to the consensus that's going to roar across the country tomorrow from Maine to California." From behind the Congressman, you could see, through the TV lights, the line of capitol policemen at the top of the steps and beneath them the students cheering.

Over Scheuer's voice and the applause, you could also hear another sound. Sometimes, over the heads of the policemen and the demonstrators, just before your eyes began their sweep up the great lighted dome, you could see the flag, whipping and cracking, distressedly, in the wind. □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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Outstanding

San Antonio, Oct. 10—"It helps, ma'am," he said spiritedly, "if you tell me who you are." The nurse identified herself so that he was then able to refer to her by name. Would he care to join us for some coffee? "I never turned down free coffee in my life," and he climbed down off his bed and struggled with his bathrobe. Unsuccessfully.

The visitor sorted it out and helped him on with it. He chatted on, wanting to know the latest word on New York City politics. He extended his left hand, fastening it on the visitor's right arm, and told him to go ahead. "If we pass any pretty girls, tell me and I'll whistle. I don't know whether there are any around here, but I wouldn't be surprised." (But there were only doctors and nurses as they strolled down the corridor, and the maimed bodies of servicemen.)

He talked on in high spirits, touching on Louisiana politics, concerning which he was expert. He majored in history at LSU and knew and, obviously, cherished the brawling politics of his home state. "Real upheaval now. The old Huey Long base—the white redneck and the Negroes—is breaking up, since the integration business. The governor is in deep trouble. And you know that Louisiana never votes for the winning President. Not since 1956. Earl Long was my man. I worked for his election when I was nine years old. Outstanding. He knew politics. The trick is to play politics and not to get enmeshed in them. He had a way with the voters. 'The South may not always be right,' he said, 'but it's *never* wrong.' One governor said he hadn't run for public office in order to take a vow of poverty. Next I saw of him was a picture alongside the president of LSU, cutting sugar cane in a chain gang."

GETTING INTO THE CAR confused him, because it was one of those new models, the rear doors opening up to leeward, so that he began to step in facing the rear. At that, you would not know that his experience with blindness is so short. It happened on June 9. William Fullerton was squad leader, instructed to reconnoiter on a hilltop south of Da Nang.

"We got up there all right, but the area was booby trapped. Half the platoon was hit. My squad—twenty men—had 25 casualties during the preceding period, so we were understrength. I thought, God we're going to be ambushed, and I worried because I couldn't see my gun. But the choppers were there in no time. What a sound when you hear those blades. Outstanding. Thirty minutes later I was in a hospital. Three days later in Japan. I got here the fifth of July, how's that?"

American logistics, the visitor admitted, was better than American foreign policy. "They ought to fight that war to win or pull every man out of there tomorrow. If I could see, I'd go back tomorrow, if we'd agree to fight to win. I didn't have to go last time. I was 1-Y. I just figured I'd go and do my Hemingway thing."

What now? "My own doctor says an operation could bring sight back to my right eye. But the people here disagree, they say the eye is too far gone. So I'm headed for Chicago. They'll discharge me there, and I'll go to the Veterans' Hospital where they specialize in blind people. If they agree to operate there, fine. If not, I'd have to go and get it done privately, and that costs $2,000. But I suppose it's worth it. I'd like to go back to LSU and take law. But I'll have to wait. They'll teach me braille at Chicago. Maybe that way you can get to understand Louisiana law. The constitution is the longest in the world. I started to read it once. Didn't get past the preamble."

It was time to go back. A corporal greeted him on the street outside the hospital door. "Hey, George," he returned the greeting, "what about the kidneys?" George said the doctors hadn't succeeded. "Oh well, George, just think, you could be ugly, too." George walked off, and Fullerton leaned over, his face deeply grieved. "Awful. He has three children. But with his kidney condition, he can't live more than fifteen or twenty years."

Back at the ward, he stood erect by his bed smiling and, on finding the visitor's hand, shook it. "Outstanding," he said, "I've had an outstanding time." □

AL SMITH DAY IN NEW YORK

New York, Oct 24 — The late Cardinal Spellman, in his sweet way, had considerable clout, so that invitations he issued to the annual Al Smith dinner in New York tended to be accepted. It was at an Al Smith dinner, for instance, that the public first took the measure of Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy as Presidential candidates. Last year was the first for the successor of Cardinal Spellman, Terence Cardinal Cooke. As if to prove that the theatrical reserves of St. Patrick's had not passed away with Cardinal Spellman, he produced, two weeks before election day, Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson. And, oh yes, of course, Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Lindsay.

THIS YEAR the featured speakers were John Lindsay, Nelson Rockefeller and Dr. Thomas O. Paine, who is head of NASA. An unscheduled speaker was Spiro Agnew. A few hours earlier, the New York Mets had defeated the Baltimore Orioles and those experienced in the rhetoric of public ceremonies gnashed their teeth in contemplation of the jokes that would be told on that great theme. The first guest to be introduced for just a short minute was John Marchi, who is the Republican candidate for mayor. He bravely declared that talk about the Mets under the circumstances would be the "last refuge of politicians." The trouble with a statement like that is that it tends to undermine all the well prepared jokes the other speakers have carefully husbanded. It is quite cruel, like the cover story in *Time* Magazine on Jack Benny that revealed Benny's ten funniest current jokes on the eve of Benny's TV special which had been built up around Benny's ten funniest current jokes.

Then Lindsay was introduced. (Oh to be introduced by Charles Silver. Juliet never had it so good.) Anyway, Lindsay began with a first class roll, as they say on Broadway. Three fine cracks, the first one having to do with the inadvisability of changing mayors in Metstream, the second with the reason for Spiro Agnew's absence from Shea Sta-

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dium ("once you've seen one world series, you've seen them all").

The third was aimed at Nelson Rockefeller. What happened is that a while ago, in a fit of exuberance, Nelson Rockefeller announced that by the seventh of October, the Long Island Railroad would be rehabilitated into the finest railroad in the country. That was a little like promising that by the seventh of October, the mail would arrive on time.

Poor Mr. Lindsay has not forgotten the consequences of having named New York the Fun City. So he gave it back gleefully to Rockefeller by announcing that the reason he had missed the game was that he had come to New York on the Long Island Railroad. He then had to say something funny about Cardinal Cooke's not having been at the Met game, but the best he could manage was that Cardinal Cooke was in Rome, "and that helped the Mets too." From there, the Mayor went into a half-dozen sentences about the need for New York to cherish such people as himself, and sat down.

Unaccountably, Mario Procaccino, the Democratic challenger, had left the hall. Richard Tucker substituted for him and sang some very nice songs.

Then Rockefeller started right off by tossing the hand grenade back at Lindsay. He wasn't riding the Long Island Railroad, he explained; he was in New York City trying to collect a delinquency of $7 million owed by the City toward the cost of rehabilitating the railroad. There was a touch of good humor in the Governor's asperity. Then Vice President Agnew, apparently suffering from a barb inflicted by Woody Allen, in protest against Agnew's failure to protest on Moratorium Wednesday, retaliated by calling Allen "the only man I know who flies at half-mast all the time." He then said something to the effect that he too hoped that all our boys would be back soon having "defended the cause of justice." That brought the crowd to its feet, with the conspicuous exception of John Lindsay who sat squarely in his seat, apparently without enthusiasm for the man he so eloquently nominated for the Vice Presidency.

Then Dr. Paine talked about the necessity to continue the space program. The public prosecutor and a restless journalist made a bet, how long would he talk, less than eleven minutes said the journalist, more said the prosecutor. The prosecutor won; which doesn't happen very often in New York. □

FRUSTRATION DAY

New York, Oct. 15—I write on Moratorium morning overcome by frustration. Because I am just back from the studio where, sitting side by side with the Reverend William Sloan Coffin Jr., we talked about Vietnam. Not just the two of us, dear me, no. They had to have at least two more commentators, so in Washington they lined up Senator John Tower and Senator Joseph Tydings. We were to be there at 7:45 sharp, because an entire hour was to be given over to the exchange of opinion. What then happened is what usually happens, we didn't go on until twenty minutes after the hour, then break for baseball, commercials, weather, commercials, whatever, then thirty seconds or so each, which is how long it takes Senator Tydings to blame the housing shortage on the Vietnam war, then a stutter or two from me, an orotundity from the Reverend Coffin, a little domino-theory from Senator Tower, over, commercial, and out.

WHY, WHY DO WE DO IT? It isn't the ham in us, because there isn't even any chance to ham it up under such constricted circumstances. Can't blame NBC, they're not going to turn down the commercials. Well, blame NBC maybe for not learning, twenty years after the discovery of television, that discussion programs are much better with two than with four people. Tower and Tydings would have been better off together, ditto Coffin and I, or any combination of two, except that Tydings had better learn a lot more about the housing shortage before he takes me on, because—now it can be told—you know that famous article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "Housing, a Complete History of the Causes of the Shortage of Same"? Well, I wrote that. Under an assumed name. Anyway, here I am with all that material I collected, and reviewed, which had I had the chance to give it out, would have caused the Moratorium marchers to stop dead in their tracks; would have caused the Reverend Coffin to take the first jet out to Vietnam, after a rally at Yale to begin a Napalm for Coffin Fund. But seriously folks, as they say, meditate on a couple of quotations, from people high and low.

1. The following is from Ho Chi Minh, June 1959, and is for the benefit of those who say that what's going on in South Vietnam is merely a civil war, and that our presence there is a unilateral imposition:

"We [the Lao Dong (Communist) Party] are building socialism in Vietnam. We are building it, however, only in half of the country, while in the other half, we must still bring to a conclusion the democratic-bourgeois and anti-imperialist revolution. Actually, our Party must now accomplish, contemporaneously, two different revolutions, in the North and in the South. This is one of the most characteristic traits of our struggle."

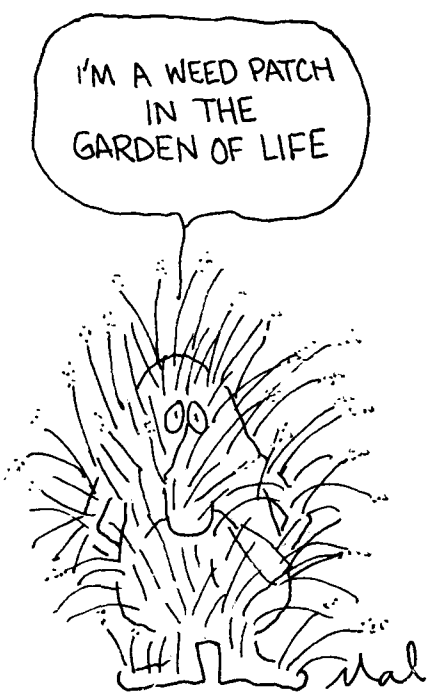
2. In 1965, Lin Piao published his treatise "On People's War." It carefully outlined a strategy for world conquest by revolutionary liberation of the "world countryside" (Asia, Africa, Latin America) in order to encircle and destroy the "world cities" (Europe and North America). A comment from the unflappable *Economist*, August 1966, upon the designation of Lin Piao as Mao's successor: "Those who do not like the war in Vietnam, but equally do not want to see Mao Tse-tung's beliefs sweeping across Asia in a wave of guerrilla war, have a duty to ask themselves where else they think the war can be stopped."

3. Concerning the consequences of our no-win policy, a statement published on May 1, 1965. "A prolonged stalemate in South Vietnam not only tends to help the North Vietnamese, with their indomitable determination ultimately to carry the day, but tests the patience of the American people and renders ever more seductive the neo-isolationism of neutralists and pacifists and pro-Communists who urge us to withdraw.

"The day after tomorrow we will all be assaulted by the voices of appeasement, who will point to the attrition in arms and money, to the continuing dangers of escalation; all of which will point in turn, as the identical factors seemed to do in the case of Laos, to the desirability of a surrender, prettily dressed up as a negotiated settlement." Those words were mine, written in this column.

If only I could predict things wrong, then they would follow my advice, like Walter Lippmann. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A writing instrument which more swear at than by — 7 51 28 93 146 115 193 111 135

B. Disposed to perceive one's environment in visual terms — 15 107 29 190 144 116 13 94 60

C. He hit a grand slam homer in 1968 World Series — 43 23 204 117 2 14 152 156

D. The unit used to express the ratio of two power values, equal to one *half* the natural logarithm of this ratio — 66 205 187 33 160

E. A plant cultivated for its edible, dark-purple or occasionally white or yellow fruit — 73 195 71 206 100 128 125 16

F. English poet, born in Scotland (1700-48) — 79 48 119 24 161 109 181

G. A Boston Red Sox outfielder, 1968 — 96 180 153 61 162 34 207 120 101

H. A type of restaurant — 108 80 62 130 104 164 174 185 97

I. Declines — 3 5 25 36

J. U. S. poet (1869-1935) — 118 132 208 17 201 163 173 194

K. A person invested with a fief — 168 105 189 8 55 200 202

L. What Nixon is serving — 197 210 9 178 148 186 56 18 133

M. A mountain range in Antarctica — 212 143 183 26 57 35 121 149 113

N. Where the Mayo clinic is located — 22 184 114 138 19 150 198 37 58

O. American clergyman (1703-58) — 11 20 50 63 76 98 91

P. A city from which thousands have fled, while others are running hard to get there — 89 65 52 87 140 145 154 169 167 175

Q. The eternal feminine (Ger.) — 102 1 42 27 127 142 44 151 209 10 95 170 177

R. Where Brooklyn went — 136 196 64 90 4 31 171 41 49 129

S. Minnesota's governor — 141 122 72 67 213 126 59 131

T. A town in Texas, near Lubbock — 157 38 75 188 12 81 179 155 137

U. Winner of Nobel prize for chemistry, 1963 — 165 39 82 112 77

V. Disagrees — 182 147 21 83 166 53 214

W. One of New York City's coeducational institutions — 199 32 70 74 88 123 211 6 40 86 92 103 159

X. One of the roads that leads to (and from) Rome — 30 134 158 191 84 78 203 99 172

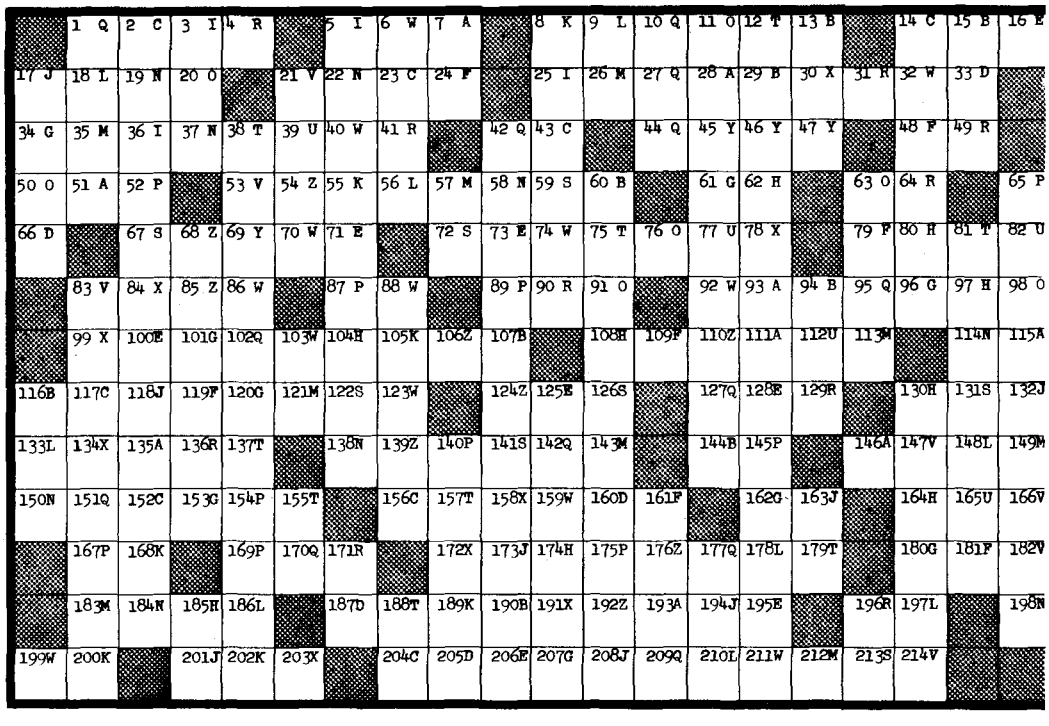
Y. When was Washington's *Farewell Address* delivered? — 69 47 45 46

Z. Tongues — 85 124 106 68 110 139 176 54 192

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1128 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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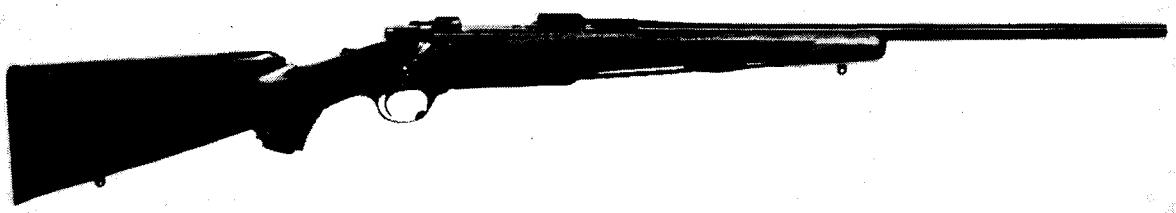

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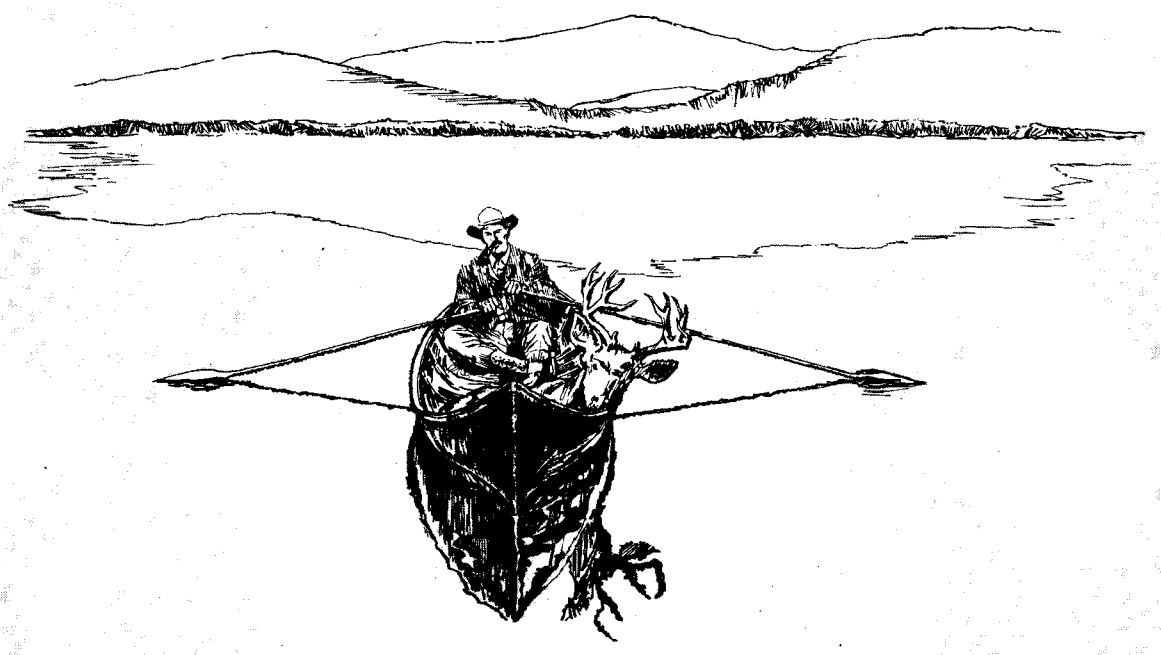
SPECIFICATIONS: Calibers: .22/250, 6mm Rem., .243 Winch., .308 Winch., 6.5mm Rem. Mag. .284, and .350 Rem. Mag. Short stroke bolt action. One piece bolt with two massive locking lugs. External (long) extractor. Barrel: 22 inches. Magazine Capacity: 5 rounds, except for 6.5 Mag & .350 — 3 rounds. Stock Dimensions: Drop at heel, 2⅛", at comb, 1⅝", length of pull, 13¾". Overall length, 42", Weight without scope approx. 6½ pounds, Factory suggested list price, *including* scope mounts — $160. As above plus iron sights — $175.



STURM, RUGER & Company, Inc.

Southport, Connecticut 06490 U.S.A.

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